

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 110.—VOL. IV.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1876.

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post 6d.



MISS ISABEL BATEMAN AS "MARIE," IN CHARLES I.

RAILWAYS.

BRIGHTON.—A PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM
CAR TRAIN runs EVERY WEEK DAY between Victoria and Brighton, leaving Victoria 10.45 a.m., and Brighton 5.45 p.m.
EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First-Class Train from Victoria 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM at BRIGHTON.
EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains for Brighton leave Victoria at 9.50 and 11.50 a.m., and London Bridge 10 a.m. and 12 noon.
Fare—First Class, Half a Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds). Available to return by any train the same day.
EVERY WEDNESDAY, Cheap Return Tickets to Brighton, including admission to the Aquarium, are issued from Victoria, London Bridge, and nearly all Stations.
J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

NORTHAMPTON SPRING RACES.

MARCH 28 and 29.
EXPRESS TRAINS at Ordinary Fares will leave EUSTON STATION at 9 a.m. and 10.10 a.m. for NORTHAMPTON, Returning Each Evening at 6 p.m.; and on each of the Race Days a CHEAP EXCURSION will leave EUSTON STATION for NORTHAMPTON at 9.15 a.m.; Broad-street, 8.44 a.m.; Dalston, 8.49 a.m.; Highbury and Islington, 8.53 a.m.; Mansion House, 8.43 a.m.; Charing-cross, 8.49 a.m.; Victoria, 8.55 a.m.; Kensington (Addison-road), 9.9 a.m.; Uxbridge-road, 9.12 a.m.; and other Stations; Returning from Northampton on the First Evening at 6 p.m., and on the Second Evening at 6.55 p.m.
For Fares and Full Particulars see Bills.
G. FINDLAY.
Chief Traffic Manager's Office, Euston Station, March, 1876.

LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

APRIL 8, 1876.

TICKETS of Admission to view the Race from the Barnes Railway Bridge, price 20s. each, including Railway fares between London, Kingston, Shepperton, Hounslow, or intermediate Stations, and Barnes, can now be obtained at this Office on personal application or by letter. In the latter case, a remittance in payment for the number required must accompany the application. Tickets can also be obtained on personal application at the Company's West-End Office, 30, Regent-circus, Piccadilly.

For the accommodation of the Holders of these Tickets only, a Special Train will leave Waterloo Station on the day of the Race, for Barnes Bridge, at a time to be announced by advertisement in the daily papers, &c., and will return from the Bridge with Passengers for London only, about ten minutes after the conclusion of the Race.
Early applications are desirable, as the number of Tickets will be strictly limited.

By order, FREDERICK CLARKE, Secretary.
Secretary's Office, Waterloo-bridge Station, London, March 16, 1876.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

WARWICK RACES—MARCH 30 and 31, and APRIL 1.

Ordinary trains leave Paddington at 6.0, 7.0, and 10.0 a.m., and 12.50, 3.30, 5.0, and 6.30 p.m., for Leamington and Warwick; and return at frequent intervals daily.

On THURSDAY, MARCH 30, a SPECIAL TRAIN for WARWICK will leave Paddington immediately in front of the 10.0 a.m. train (calling at Oxford and Leamington only); and return from Warwick at 5.30 and Leamington 5.40 p.m. on the following Saturday (calling at Oxford, Reading, Slough, and Westbourne-park).

For further particulars see handbills.
Paddington Terminus. J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

BOMBAY.—ANCHOR LINE.—INDIAN

SERVICE.—Regular and Direct Steam Communication from GLASGOW and LIVERPOOL to BOMBAY. The Steamers of the Anchor Line are intended to be dispatched as follows:—

	From Glasgow.	From Liverpool.
TRINACRIA
EUROPA	Saturday, April 15	Saturday, April 22
INDIA	Saturday, May 13	Saturday, May 20

Additional Sailings will be arranged as the exigencies of the trade may require. These vessels were specially built and equipped for the conveyance of Passengers, and are fitted with all the modern improvements and comforts usual in the Indian trade. The State Rooms are large, airy, and well ventilated, and the accommodation for Cabin Passengers is unsurpassed. Early applications for Passages should be made. Saloon Cabin Fare, Forty-five Guineas; which includes all requisites except Wines and Liquors, which can be had on board at moderate rates.

Apply to Henderson Brothers, 47, Union-street, Glasgow; 17, Water-street, Liverpool; 1, Panmure-street, Dundee; J. W. Jones, Chapel-walk, Manchester; or to HENDERSON BROTHERS, 19, Leadenhall-street, London.

HORSE SHOE HOTEL.

264, 265, 266, 267, TOTTENHAM COURT-ROAD.

NOW OPEN.

HORSE SHOE TABLE D'HOTE

EVERY EVENING.

SUNDAY from 6 to 8.30. 3s. 6d.,
Including Two Soups, Three kinds of Fish, Three Entrées, Two Joints, Sweets, Ices, Cheese, Salad, and Dessert.

HORSE SHOE DINING-ROOMS.

LADIES' COFFEE-ROOM. GRILL-ROOM. WINE SHADES.

HORSE SHOE CAFE.

NEAPOLITAN ICES. SMOKING-ROOMS. BILLIARD-ROOMS.

HORSE SHOE RESTAURANT.

BUFFET. OYSTER BARS.

HORSE SHOE LUNCHEON BARS.

BED-ROOMS. LAVATORIES.

HORSE SHOE HOT BATHS.

COLD BATHS. DRESSING-ROOMS. NOW OPEN.

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Attractions of the chief Parisian Establishments, with the quiet and order essential to English customs.

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A TABLE D'HOTE EVERY EVENING

from 6 to 8.30, 3s. 6d.,

Including two Soups, two kinds of Fish, two Entrées, Joints, Sweets, Cheese, Salad, &c., with Dessert.

THIS FAVOURITE DINNER IS ACCOMPANIED BY A SELECTION OF HIGH-CLASS INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC. COFFEE, TEA, CHESS, AND SMOKING ROOMS.

MARAVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST.

"It may justly be called the Perfection of Prepared Cocoa."—British Medical Press.

MARAVILLA COCOA.

"Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the MARAVILLA COCOA above all others."—Globe.

Sold in tin-lined packets only by Grocers. TAYLOR BROTHERS, London, Sole Proprietors.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone.—EVERY EVENING. Doors open at 7. Overture at 7.30. After which (Monday, Wednesday, Friday) ROMEO AND JULIET; Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, AS YOU LIKE IT. Miss Neilson supported by Messrs. Buckstone, Howe, Conway, Harcourt, Matthison, Braid, Osborne, Clark, Gordon, Kyrle, Weathersby, Rivers, Allbrooke, &c.; Mesdames Harrison, Osborne, Mellish, and Emily Thorne. "Measure for Measure" in active preparation. Stage Manager, Mr. Howe. Box-office open 10 till 5. No Free List. Acting Manager, Mr. C. Walter.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mrs. Bateman.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, OTHELLO. Othello, Mr. Henry Irving; Desdemona, Miss Isabel Bateman; and Emilia, Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe). Box-Office open 10 till 5. No fees for Booking.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Hare.—EVERY EVENING, at 8 precisely, Mr. J. Palgrave Simpson's Comedy, A SCRAP OF PAPER. Characters will be played by Miss Madge Robertson, Miss Hollingshead, Miss Hughes, Miss Ingram, Miss Cowie; Mr. Kendal, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Cathcart, and Mr. Hare. After which, at 10, A QUIET RUBBER—Lord Kileare, Mr. Hare. Box-office hours 11 till 5. No fees for booking seats. Doors opened at 7.30. Acting Manager, Mr. Huy.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. Swanborough.—On SATURDAY, MARCH 25, and Every Evening until further Notice, at 7, TWO TO ONE—Mr. C. H. Stephenson. At 7.40, the Comedy by C. S. Cheltnam, A LESSON IN LOVE—Messrs. H. Cox, J. G. Grahame, and W. H. Vernon; Mesdames Marian Terry, T. Lavis, and Miss Ada Swanborough. At 9.30, CRACKED HEADS—Messrs. E. Terry, H. Cox; Mesdames L. Venne and A. Claude. After which will be produced the Latest Edition of the RIVAL OTHELLOS, written by H. J. Byron.—M. Marius and Mr. E. Terry; Misses A. Claude and M. Jones.

GLOBE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING at 8.15.
A new Drama, in Three Acts, entitled JO, adapted from Charles Dickens's "Bleak House." Enormous success of Miss Jennie Lee as Jo. The Misses D. Drummond, Nelly Harris, F. Robertson, K. Lee, and Miss Louise Hibbert; Messrs. Flockton, E. Price, C. Steyne, J. B. Rae, C. Wilmot, and J. P. Burnett. Preceded, at 7.30, by a new and original farce, THE TAILOR MAKES THE MAN. The whole produced under the direction of Mr. Edgar Bruce. Secure your seats at once at the box office or libraries.

MR. J. A. CAVE'S TESTIMONIAL BENEFIT.

MONDAY MORNING, MARCH 27.

GLOBE THEATRE,

the gratuitous use of which has been kindly given by F. Farlie and E. Bruce, Esqrs.; and (by the kind permission of Mrs. Swanborough, A. Henderson, C. Morton, and J. Hollingshead, Esqrs.), most of the undermentioned distinguished Artists will appear. At 1.45, WHO SPEAKS FIRST—Miss Fanny Hughes, Miss Angelina Claude, and Walter Joyce. Second Act of C. P. Cheltnam's Popular Comedy A LESSON OF LOVE—Miss Ada Swanborough, Miss Lavis, Miss M. Terry, Messrs. W. H. Vernon, J. G. Grahame, and Harry Cox. Miss Jennie Lee in her Dutch Song and Dance. Miss Ella Chapman in her Banjo Solos and Dances. Mr. Lionel Brough as Policeman X. Mr. E. Terry will give his scene, "Hamlet." Mr. G. W. Moore, the inimitable Negro Comedian. Mr. Edgar Bruce. Scene, "The Vagrant and Dog." Mr. Walter Joyce will deliver an Address written by Saville Clarke, Esq.; and Mr. Henry Neville will recite "Little Jim." CRAZED, with Mr. W. J. Hill, Mr. E. Perrini, and Miss E. Wiber. Scene from YELLOW DWARF, by Mr. George Conquest and Miss Dot Robins. To conclude with MR. AND MRS. WHITE—Mr. J. A. Cave (with a Patter Song), Mr. Harry Crouch, Miss Eliza Johnstone, Miss Rachael Sanger, and Miss E. Farren, who will sing a comic duet and dance comic pas with Mr. J. A. Cave. Prices from 6d. to £4 4s.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING.

At 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, OUR BOYS, by Henry J. Byron; concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Charles Sugden, and David James; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Theresa Valery, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Free List entirely suspended. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE ROYAL.

EVERY EVENING.—The Performance will commence, at 7.15, with the Farce, A QUIET FAMILY. At 8, DON JUAN, with the following powerful cast:—Madame Rose Bell, Mesdames Newton, Chambers, Robson, Hilton, Beaumont, Vane, Shelton, and Mdlle. Fanchita; Messrs. Jarvis, Hall, Paul, and Harry Paulton. In Act 1, "The Pirate Ballet;" in Act 2, the Spanish Dancers, "The Casanobas," and the Fiji Flutters. At 10, the GRAND TURKISH BALLET, with Mdlle. Pitteri, Mdlle. Pertoldi, Mdlle. Sismondi, and the renowned Alhambra Corps de Ballet. At 11, Comic Pantomimic Ballet by the Lauris. Doors open at 6.45. Prices from 6d. to £2 2s. Box-office open from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. No charge for booking.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

Bishopsgate.—Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. John and Richard Douglass.—Miss Louie Moodie, the favourite actress, as Lady Isabel and Madame Vine in the drama "East Lynne."—On MONDAY, MARCH 26, and following Evenings, at Seven, EAST LYNNE—Lady Isabel and Madame Vine, Miss Louie Moodie, supported by Messrs. Hamilton, Redmond, Byrne, Turner, Hinton, and Mesdames Mansfield, Neville, L. Neville, &c. Conclude with the drama FOR SALE, with its sensation Sale by Auction.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Sole

Proprietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—EVERY EVENING, at 6.45, a New and Original Historical Drama, entitled THE ARMOURER—Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Charlton, Bell, Fox, Reeve, Pitt, Parry, Hyde; Mdlles. Adams, Summers, Rayner, Mrs. Newham. Followed by CONCERT—Mr. Fred Foster (the favourite vocalist), Miss Pollie Randall. After which, DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND—Messrs. Bigwood, Lewis, &c. Concluding with FAITHFUL UNTIL DEATH—Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Charlton, Reeve; Mdlles. Adams, Bellair, Mrs. Newham.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—Sole

Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest.—Dancing in the New Hall.—On MONDAY and during the Week, at 7 o'clock, a Drama entitled THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME—Messrs. W. James, G. Sennett, Vincent, Symes, B. Morton, Grant, &c.; Misses E. Miller, Victor Denvil, &c. After which, Miss A. Forrest will sing some favourite ballads. To conclude with GLIN GATH. On WEDNESDAY, to conclude with the FIGHT SCENE from the PANTOMIME—G. Conquest, &c. Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

NEW LION HOUSE.—THE ZOOLOGICAL

SOCIETY'S GARDENS, Regent's Park, are OPEN daily (except Sunday). Admission, 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; Children always 6d. The new Lion House contains six Lions, eight Tigers, three Pumas, two Jaguars, and three Leopards. The Sea Lions are fed at 4.30 p.m.

MME. TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street.

PORTRAIT MODELS of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales M.W.G.M. of Freemasons of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alfonso XII., Victor Emmanuel, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Dr. Kenealy, M.P. Costly Court Dresses. The complete line of British Monarchs, and 300 portrait Models of Celebrities. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.—DAILY, at 3 and

8, HAMILTON'S GRAND DIORAMA of the NEW OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA, via Paris, Mont Cenis, Brindisi, and the Suez Canal.

BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.—Now on

View. SEA-LIONS, the only specimens ever brought to this country; large Octopods, English Sharks, Sea-Horses, Boar-Fish, Herring, Mackerel, Stetlet, from Russia; Telescope and Paradise Fish, from China; Red Char and Silver Char, Trout, Salmon, &c.
G. REEVES SMITH, General Manager.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

President—The Right Honourable Lord Calthorpe.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

The above Show this year WILL NOT be held at Pomona Gardens. Full particulars will be announced in a few days.
4, St. Mary's-street, Manchester. M. H. CHADWICK, Secretary.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

The GREAT SHOW of CATS, RABBITS, and GUINEA PIGS. THIS DAY, SATURDAY, and MONDAY and TUESDAY NEXT. SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS EACH DAY, ONE SHILLING.

THE OXFORD-CIRCUS SKATING RINK,

Nos. 316 and 317, Oxford-street, NOW OPEN. Hours from 10.30 a.m. to 1 p.m., from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m., and from 7 to 10.30 p.m. Admission 2s., including the use of skates. Luncheons and dinners served in the balconies.

GRAND CENTRAL SKATING RINK and

PROMENADE CONCERTS, Holborn (late Amphitheatre), OPEN DAILY, 11 a.m. to 2 p.m., 3 p.m. to 5.30 p.m., and 7 p.m. to 11 p.m. Full Band Afternoon and Evening. Plimpton's Skates. Admission, 1s.; including use of skates, 1s. 6d.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

Newly Decorated, and fitted with entirely New Scenery and Proscenium.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS,

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT;

and

EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at

THREE and EIGHT.

Doors open at 2.30 and 7 o'clock.

Private Boxes, £2 12s. 6d. and £1 11s. 6d.; Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

No fees. No charge for Programmes.

PEPPER'S QUININE and IRON TONIC, in a

weak or disordered state of health, prostration of strength, nervous derangement, neuralgic affections, aches and pains of every kind, sluggish circulation, depressed spirits, imperfect digestion, &c. By the formation of new blood, and its vivifying effect on the nerve centres, it develops new health, strength, and energy quickly. An increased appetite is always an effect of Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic. Thirty-two doses are contained in the 4s. 6d. bottle; next size, 11s.; stone jars, 22s. Sold by all Chemists; any Chemist will procure it; or sent for stamps by J. Pepper, 237, Tottenham-court-road, London.

POSSESSING ALL THE PROPERTIES OF THE FINEST ARROWROOT.

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LOCKETS, 18-carat gold, at £5 per oz.

LOCKETS, in 18-carat gold, from £1.

CHAINS, 18-carat gold, any pattern or weight, at £4 5s. per oz.

CHAINS, in 18-carat gold, from £4 5s.

Sole Introducer of 18-Carat Gold Ornaments. London made. A

guarantee of the quality of the gold is given to every Purchaser.

"BRING ME WHERE THE GOLDSMITH IS."—Comedy of Errors, Act V. sc. i.

RACING FIXTURES FOR MARCH.

Liverpool Spring 23, 24, 25	Curraghmore Hunt (Ireland) 28, 29
Auteuil 23, 26	Crewkerne 28, 29
Maidstone 27	7th Hussars 29
Sandbeck Hunt (Retford) 27	Southdown Hunt (Ringmer) 29
Newport Pagnel 27	Burton and Blankney Hunt 29
Rheims 27	Pontefract Spring 30, 31
Greatham 27	Lothians Hunt 30
Uttoxeter 28	Warwick Spring 30, 31—1
Northampton 28, 29	Ross Hunt 31

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SHOOTING.

SHIKARRY (Arlington Club).—An "Express" rifle of '450 bore would be admirably suited to your requirements on a sporting trip to India. We have heard of a sportsman who killed seven deer consecutively, at distances ranging from 70 to 130 yards (two only taking a second shot), with one of these rifles made by Greener, of Birmingham. The correct point-blank range varies from 130 to 140 yards, charge 4 drams of powder, the bullet drops only 3 to 4 inches at 170 yards, and still gives a chance of game being struck at this distance with the point-blank sight.

H. CARRUTHERS (Queen's Hotel, Manchester).—You lose your bet, as Captain Bogardus (Champion Wing Shot of the World) prefers to shoot always in accordance with rule 5 of the Prairie Shooting Club of Chicago, which states with regard to Position at the Score:—"After the shooter has taken his stand at the score, he shall not level his gun or raise the butt above his elbow until the bird is on the wing. Should he infringe on this rule, the bird or birds shall be scored as lost, whether killed or not."

SHARMAN GOULD (Peterborough).—"Modified" choke-bore guns will kill at nearly double the ordinary distance. In covert shooting a smaller charge of powder only is required to make them disperse the shot more and with less recoil than ordinary guns. 16 or 20 bore guns can be made to shoot equally well in proportion to the size and weight. 8 bore guns can be made to put over 300 pellets on a target 30 inches diameter. 12 bore guns weighing 7½ to 8 lbs for pigeon-shooting will make a pattern of 220 to 240 with only 1½ oz. of No. 6 shot. See our advertising columns.

THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1876.

Circular Notes.

We have been gravely informed that the proprietors of a weekly contemporary are about "to indict Messrs. So-and-So, the eminent newsvenders, for refusing to sell their paper." This is scarcely fair. It is the public that ought to be indicted for refusing to buy the paper.

Commend us to our uncivil friend the felicitous inter-rupter, who, at most public meetings of inflated Britons, brings up the long-winded orator of the occasion with "a round turn." It is almost a pity that he cannot obtain a seat in the House. There are already a number of weak imitators of the useful creature within the range of the Speaker's eye, but not one of them is imbued with the courage of the original, who is seen at his best in the provinces. At a recent meeting of a something-or-other commission, a fervid speaker of the well-known parochial order made the following observations:—"Now he did not think that if this was true in the abstract it could be incorrect in practice. It was referring to matters of fact, not to matters of opinion, and there-

fore if the thing was true in the abstract it was true altogether. It had nothing to do with abstractions. A tax was a very concrete and positive thing, and it had very little of the nature of an abstraction about it." "Yes, it has," exclaimed our friend the interrupter; "it is an abstraction from the pocket!" Bully for you, Sir; so it is.

Our readers are, no doubt, by this time familiar with the phrase, "Something must be done." If they cannot readily recall it, let them examine their memories in the region wherein railway accidents are recorded. In the case of Mr. Johnson, of Exmouth, something has been done, for he has been twice accidentated [used here, and here only, by permission of the Lord Chamberlain] by the South-Western Railway Company, and has recovered his second crop of damages from the company aforesaid. There is no statute forbidding a man getting all his accidenting [same as before] done by one company; but, by a principle of equity, he ought to be allowed some power of selection. Hence the jury gave him for accident No. 2 four times as much as for No. 1, that is to say, twelve hundred pounds sterling. Supposing the South-Western Railway Company keep up their old form and behave towards Mr. Johnson with any approach to regularity, he may, short of the Scriptural limit of years, have three more accidents before he passes peacefully out of this valley of tears. Supposing the British juryman keep up his old form and act on the quadrupling principle visible in the present award, Mr. Johnson may expect for his third accident, hence, seventy-six thousand eight hundred pounds sterling, and for the whole series of five the sum of one hundred and two thousand three hundred pounds sterling.

Of late they have been managing those things better in Scotland. Neither directors nor Parliament will stretch forth a hand to diminish the number or mitigate the severity of railway accidents. Enter tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy snow, and blocks up the lines. This, or something like this, block system is the only one we hope to see quite efficient to prevent collisions and overhauls; it, or something like it, might be introduced cautiously south of the Tweed.

Williams Dewsfeld, a cabdriver, was charged the other day at one of the London police courts with being "drunk and incapable of taking care of his horse and cab in Great College-street, Camden-town, and doing wilful damage to a cart at the same time and place." In the play so far there has been a rigid preservation of the Greek unities; but how about a man's being drunk and incapable of taking care of his own horse and capable of doing wilful damage to, we presume, another man's cart? Can a man be so drunk as not to be able to take proper care of his own cab and yet sober enough to wilfully take improper care of another man's cart? If this be so, we beg to make a metaphysical definition: The will incapable of right direction respecting its own cab may be capable of right direction respecting its neighbour's cart. To draw moral solace: It may be desirable to see events and things from many points of sight, so that our knowledge grow comprehensive and liberal; but let us never look at our neighbour's cart through too many glasses, lest the distortion caused by glasses lead to our distorting the cart.

Owing to the depreciation in the value of silver a half-crown piece is now worth no more than two shillings and threepence. It is rumoured that flunkydome is about to insist on being tipped with gold.

"The jury retired, and were absent for half an hour, when they found for the plaintiff—damages £300." Admirable jury! That enlightened, that high-minded, that right-feeling, etcetera, jury of Mrs. Bardell's fellow-countrymen could not have done their work more praiseworthy. And yet the case of "Wisker v. Beeby," which was heard before Mr. Justice Mellor, at York, possessed but one feature that removes it from the region of the commonplace. Mr. Beeby "took her for walks and drives." Mr. Beeby made her valuable presents. "On one occasion he gave her a diamond ring, put it on her finger, and said she was quite welcome to it." Magnanimous Mr. Beeby! Subsequently, however, he repented him of his generosity, and borrowed the ring to wear at a cricketers' ball and a licensed victuallers' dinner. Well, a man who would do that deserves to be mulcted in a far larger sum than £300.

MISS ISABEL BATEMAN.

ALTHOUGH this accomplished young lady does not occupy a very prominent position as an actress of parts created by herself, she has done more than sufficient in the profession of which she is an ornament to warrant our giving her a place in the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS gallery of dramatic celebrities.

Although a rather strongly-mannered, she is a perfectly conscientious artiste. Thanks to her position in relation to the present lesseeship of the Lyceum Theatre, Miss Isabel Bateman has occasionally found herself cast for "classical" parts, with which she perhaps had less sympathy than she would have had with characters that might well have been written for her. If she presented—recollecting *Ophelias* that have appeared on the English stage—a somewhat inadequate picture of the distraught maiden, it should be remembered for her credit that the performance was throughout intelligent in the highest degree, and quite a necessary, not to say harmonious, part of the *Hamlet* which the late Mr. Bateman produced. Miss Isabel Bateman's Desdemona has been dealt with by our critic. The portrait of her on the front page is drawn from the photograph by the Stereoscopic Company.

DEATH OF MR. COCKIN.—Mr. James Cockin, the well-known racing-man, died, at his residence at Halifax, on the 17th inst. He won the Lincolnshire Handicap with Vigo in 1860, and owned a number of horses, including Uncas, Melody, and Innishowen. He was the son of a clergyman in Ireland. In England he nearly always raced in the assumed name of Mr. "Lincoln." Innishowen is disqualified for the Great Metropolitan by his death.

A GREAT DAY FOR IRELAND,

BEING A NARRATIVE (ILLUSTRATED WITH ILLUSTRATIONS) OF HOW OUR OWN BOHEMIAN AND HIS ARTIST SPORTEO THE SHAMROCK ON MUSWELL-HILL.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Myself and my Artist, or your Artist and his Literary Man (if he prefers it), went to the Alexandra Palace on Saturday last to hand down to posterity the celebration of the festival of St. Patrick—a time-honoured holiday which has been commemorated in the sister-isle with unusual éclat ever since the creation of the world. To begin at the beginning. First, we borrowed some money—your Artist having none, and having declined to draw the mutiny on board the Lennie with chalks on the pavement and appeal to the generosity of a discerning public. Next, we went to Covent-garden and bought a shamrock. I am not well up in botany, but I will endeavour to describe a shamrock. It is a tiny, three-leaved vegetable, much of the shape of the ace of clubs, only the colour is generally green; it springs up in clusters like couch-grass, and, talking of grass, the late Mr. Thomas Moore wrote a very pretty poem on the origin of the plant, in which he represents Love, Valour, and Wit as going gallivanting through the Emerald Isle, when lo! and behold you,

Where'er they pass,
A triple grass
Shoots up with dew-drops streaming.
As softly green
As emeralds seen
Thro' purest crystal gleaming.

This, he pretends, was the origin of the shamrock, which subsequently became the chosen leaf of bard and chief, and eke of costermonger, he might have added. I don't believe everything the poet said. I have heard Mr. Dion Bouicault allege that the shamrock is, by law forbid, to grow on Irish ground. I don't believe everything he says neither. The greengrocer in the market told us he imported his directly from the Curragh of Kildare, and greengrocers are not like poets nor yet like actors. They are conscientious. Having purchased our shamrock—and my Artist was very hard to please, as he would insist on looking out for a four-leaved one, having heard some absurd legend about its virtues—I asked what was next to be done.

"Why, wet it, in coorse!" said the greengrocer, who spoke so like Mr. Edmund Falconer that he made me start. "What the dhowl else would you do wit it?"

Wetting a shamrock, as that obliging greengrocer demonstrated to us, is more expensive than watering a geranium. If the process is cultivated with much liberality in Ireland, I can quite understand the odd complaints of tightness in the money market in that country.

"Mind yez, now, gintlemin," said our new friend, as he helped us into a hansom, "the shamrock is none of those mane garden stuffs you ate like creases, the shamrock is—beg pardon, this asselt is mortal slippery—the shamrock is dhrunk!"

Drowned, I have since ascertained, is the technical term, and mellow whisky the proper liquid. So that the late Mr. Thomas Moore evidently meant mountain dew where he speaks of the triple grass with dew-drops streaming.

We arrived at King's-cross in time to be late for a train to the palace, and gave our shamrock another sprinkling. A procession of native Irish shortly after joined us, heralding their approach with deafening drums and clashing cymbals. Very good-humoured they were, orderly, and well-dressed, though most belonged to the humbler classes. They were civil to their woman-kind; they were sober; they wore their emblems of green of every shade with pride—pea-green neckties and grass-green shawls, olive-green paletots and apple-green bonnets, with here and there a broad baldric of sea-green bordered with gold, and overhead swaying banners of bottle-green and tremulous pennons of glaucous hue. There was a wearing of the green to bewilder Shaun the Post, and not a single man or woman was hanged for it. They looked at us in a friendly way, and were apparently coming to the conclusion that we were distinguished leaders of the Home Rule party, until they saw us enter a first-class carriage.

When we got out at the Palace station, invaded the building, and got into the grounds, what a characteristic crowd was there, taking their pleasure joyfully, not sadly, as that frayed-out Froissart sneeringly says we do in his threadbare quotation. The conventional Irishman, with snub-nose, platter-face, hang-dog brow, jaws and chin of the Bill Sykes pattern, and gorilla conformation generally, was conspicuous by his absence. He is only to be seen in the dock at the Old Bailey, at the doors of the dolly-shops, or propping up the Sunday shutters of corner taverns in the Dials. The actual Irishman has a candid countenance, well-chiselled nose, and neatly-trimmed beard, eyes full of fire, even when spectacled, and mouth full of fun, even when moustached. He is courteous to the frontiers of blarney, yet jealous of insult and quick to quarrel, but easily handled as a barb if you only once acquire the knack of humouring him. There are two classes of Irishmen: those who are ashamed of their country and of whom their country should be ashamed, and those who are proud of their country and of whom their country should be proud. The latter, in sober earnest, were represented on Muswell-hill. And the Irish girls, with eyes of sapphire and hair of sloe, with the ready smile on faces that are vivid with changing expressiveness if they are not always regular, with sturdy figures if not graceful, and strenuous step if they are occasionally prime beef to the heels like to the heifers of Mullingar! I kiss both hands to you, O girls of Ireland. To appreciate their charms, Mr. Editor, buy a shamrock and wet it, listen to a blind piper, with inspiration exuding from every pore of his parchment skin, playing "The pretty maid milking her cow," and anon, as the fancy seizes him, quickening his plaintive strains to some blithe lilt like "Tatter Jack Welch" or "Follow me down to Carlow;" then, as your toes grow mutinous, and a demure darling approaches and invites your honor to "take the flure"—to your feet—to your feet, I say, and tire her down! That's what I tried to do, amid the applause of the bystanders, but I miserably failed. This exhausting frolic took place in a sly corner to ourselves. Elsewhere some of the more particular members of the company were advertising their virtue—or was it their prudery?—by jiggling with partners of their own sex only. The other mode—that which I patronised—is more Irish and not less nice. A pair of new boots and a barn-door off its hinges were offered as prizes to the best jig-dancer; but, in consequence of the absence of Major O'Gorman, who was deploring the wrongs of Innisfail in the North of England, the adjudication had to be deferred. The competition of pipers was—guess? A medley of Dutch discords, a Babel of stridulous jars, a Capharnaum of cacophony. No, Sir, but a genuine musical treat. The poor old fellows—minstrels of the street, most of them—fingered their instruments lovingly and tenderly, as if they had souls in every knuckle-joint. Sentimentalists may babble of Tara's harp; but, to my thinking, henceforth the Union pipes—the "chanters" I believe they call it—is the national instrument of Ireland. It is as soft as a lute, and, again, as stirring as the neigh of a war-horse; it can be played

in my lady's chamber as on the green hill-side. I am glad that all the competitors got prizes, for all deserved them. Whenever you catch an Irish piper—you will know him by his mode of supplying wind to his chanters, which is done by a bellows worked by the elbow—call him in, plant him by the fireside, put a glass of hot usquebagh within his reach, beg of him to strike up, and lean back with closed lids, in your arm-chair.

The "hurling," which was to be a great feature of the day, disappointed me. I thought it would end in a free fight, and it did not. The game is as like to our hockey as a crocodile is to an alligator. "This is no raal hurling," said a connoisseur to me, "'tis only child's play. There's not a gossoon on the field has a raal hurley. It's all sky-hurleys they have, and at home we allow only wan of them to give the goal puck wid. In the raal game, be yer lave, Sir," and he took my artist's umbrella, "the ball is thrown up and struck in the air only wance, an' whin it falls we whack it on the ground this a-way."

"Best twill silk; cost me twelve-and-six," said my artist, with a sigh.

We hied us back to the building, where sundry bands were ministering to the shade of Brian Born, and met Mr. Trendell, the attentive director of the press bureau, who beseeched us to hurry if we would witness the rescue of the Colleen Bawn. But at the moment Sir Edward Lee came up and whispered something about luncheon in his private room to your representative. We did not witness the novel spectacle of the rescue of that interesting young woman; but after luncheon we did witness and take part in the triumphal march through the grounds, which my artist has sketched on the opposite page. For the benefit of the future historian, I give the

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Small Boys cracking nuts.
Drum and Fife Band.
Six Hereditary Bondsmen.
Good Templar staggering under a Banner.
Citizens and Citizenesses.
Three Blind Pipers.
Banner of the late Master M'Grath.
Exiles of Erin arm-in-arm.
Brass Band.
Home-Rule Senators formed up in Spartan Phalanx.
Body-Guard of Bricklayers.
The Genius of Ireland, personated by a dumpy little man with a big head.
Patriots.
A Deputation from Clerkenwell-green.
Teetotallers.
MYSELF AND MY ARTIST, two abreast.
(We did this just to keep the teetotallers in countenance.)
Banner with the representation of a Tribune of the People dying on the floor of the House of Commons.
Sons of the Sod.
A Figure in Ancient Irish Costume—to wit, a paper collar and a pair of Plimpton skates.
Deputation of Dairywomen.
ERIN, with a smile in one eye and a tear in the other.
Group of Irish Noblemen, consisting of
The Duke of Donnybrook, the O'Mulligan More, the Cove of Cork,
Count Bryan O'Lynn, Sir Patrick Whack, Sir Looney M'Wolter,
Lord Barnaby Finnegan, &c., &c.
The Office-Boy of the *Freeman's Journal*, resplendent in green-and-gold uniform, sucking an orange.
More Patriots.
Deputation of Supers from the Adelphi Theatre.
A Stray Dog.
The Knight before Larry was Stretched
(in complete suit of sixteenth-century armour).
More Patriots.
More Banners.
More Bands.
Small Boys eating buns.

The dinner afterwards was quite genteel, and I was pleased to notice that Messrs. Bertram and Roberts were bustling about and not ashamed to look after the comfort of their guests, and that, as at the Dramatic College spreads, lovely woman had her place at the festive board. There was a real live English-born member of Parliament in the chair, and a real live English Lord beside him; Mr. Frank Marshall, of *Brighton*, in a Milesian character "for this occasion only," hob-nobbed with Dr. Ward, the genial Man for Galway; and an eminent Spiritualist made himself the agreeable medium of conversation with a county Limerick farmer, who is Deputy Worshipful Grand Master of the Loyal Orange Association. It was very jolly, I can assure you. My right-hand man told me in confidence that when he came to London he earned £65 a year, and now he was worth either £500 or £600 per annum, he was not quite sure which. My opulent neighbour was not in the least stuck-up; he sat down to the banquet in a tourist tweed, and stood me a glass from a two-shilling bottle of Médoc. My left-hand man told me in confidence he was a Home Ruler, but no expletive Radical. He, I am sorry to say, was a bloated aristocrat, for he wore a dress-suit and stood me a whole bottle of Château Margaux. He did not state the precise amount of his income. It was a happy gathering: such beautiful speechifying and such exquisite singing; and when "The Ladies" were proposed, we all united in such a roaring chorus of "For he's a right good fellow!" There was plenty of room, for, by a piece of laudable foresight, there were more seats than people to sit upon them. Besides, sundry guests were unavoidably prevented from coming. Sir John Dugdale Astley is taking lessons from Mr. Edward Payson Weston; Mr. Whalley, M.P., is under a course of Jesuit's bark; Tommy Ryan was perspiring himself in flannels down to his ten stone eleven for The Liberator in the Grand National; and Mr. Bat Mullins was detained by unavoidable circumstances. Altogether the dinner was memorable; and I am sure that, like O'Rourke's noble feast, it will ne'er be forgot by those who were there and those who were not. But the latter were in the preponderating majority. I am proud to testify that my artist was the only one who misconducted himself on the occasion; but he pleads that he did so solely and magnanimously to furnish the exception that proves the rule.

YOUR OWN BOHEMIAN.

P.S.—That shamrock was only clover, after all. We did not find it out until we had drowned it very much; but it does not matter. They are sure to have another Patrick's Day celebration by special request next month.

VENETIAN BOWLING-ALLEY.

THE Italians as a rule are not much given to energetic athletic exercises. Especially is this the case in Venice. An exception should be made in favour of the gondola, which boys seem to take to as early and as naturally as ducks do to water. The Venetian has few games or exercises requiring strength, agility, and action. He prefers a quiet seat along the sides of the quays, or a stroll in the square of St. Mark's, when the band is playing, or in the sultry afternoon to lounge away his idle hours, of which he appears to have so many, in one of the bowling-alleys, under the shelter of the thick clustering vines. In some quarters of the town these are very interesting places for the traveller in search of character to visit, from the different nationalities he will see gathered together—Greek and Mauresque, Spanish, Egyptian and English, all in their national dress, and of all casts of colour, from the European to the full-blooded negro. It is well, however, for the traveller to remember that the sailors and loafers of the Levant are quick and fiery in temper, given also to a rather reckless use of the knife, so he should drink his light wine and smoke his cigarette, observant, but quiet.

Athletic Sports.

THE arrival of the Oxford and Cambridge crews at Putney on Monday last did not create half as much excitement as is usually the case. This, perhaps, was owing to the fact that but few were aware of the real time the two rival eights were expected; and the weather, moreover, was of anything but an inviting nature to induce people to hang about the towing-path for any length of time. Oxford arrived early on Monday morning, and went at once to their old quarters, the Fox and Hounds. Cambridge were not much behind their rivals, and, as of late years, were domiciled in a private house. At about 12.30 the "dark blues" proceeded to the London Rowing Club boat-house, and without delay launched their Clasper No. 1, a fine specimen of boat-building, the exact dimensions of which I shall give on a future occasion, when it has been finally decided whether they will row in her or in the Clasper No. 2. Little or no excitement was manifested when they started at a steady stroke and began to row the whole course against the ebb tide and a rather stiff north-westerly wind. Accompanied by the steam-boat which has been chartered by Lord Londesborough, in the bows of which were Mr. Lesley, their coach; Mr. Risley, and Mr. Darbishire, they went up in easy stages as far as Mortlake, where, after a brief rest, they came down with the tide at the rate of about 32 strokes a minute as far as Putney Aqueduct with an "easy," the whole distance being covered in 21min 30secs. In spite of the lumpy water in Corney Reach, the men sent their boat along at a good pace, and their first appearance on the tidal water was highly satisfactory, although the feather throughout the boat was anything but regular and one or two of the crew were not rowing quite straight. Cambridge did not go out until 3.30, when they put off from the Leander boat-yard, in their craft built by Searle, and were coached by Mr. J. B. Close, who accompanied them on horseback. At the start they were a little uneven, but soon settled down, and, against the tide, went up as far as Biffen's boat-house, where they "eased all," and then on to Chiswick church. Turning at this point, they rowed as far as Hammersmith Bridge and from there to the Soap Works. Thence they came down in very good form to the boat-house, their practice inspiring their admirers with great confidence. They were certainly more together than the dark blues, but there was a good deal of hang at the end of the stroke and a want of quickness in recovery; but, with regard to time and swing, nothing was left to be desired. The weather on Tuesday, although by no means so cold as on the previous day in the morning, was decidedly unpleasant in the afternoon, and when the crews went out for their second row a blinding snow-storm was falling. After some pair-oar "tubbing" by Shafto and Rhodes, Brancker and Lewis, between ten o'clock and half-past, the light blues were out at 11.5, and went the whole course. Mr. J. B. Close on this occasion coached from the bows of the steam-launch Marguerite. They paddled quietly to Hammersmith Bridge, and thence to beyond the Ship at Mortlake against the tide. Coming down with the ebb, they eased at Barnes Bridge and just below Hammersmith, doing a very smart bit of rowing between Chiswick Eyot and the last-mentioned place, they being timed at 34 a minute. With one more rest they rowed home, none the worse for their spin. Oxford were not out until about 11.45, when they started from the boat-house to Chiswick church, easing at the Rosbank and again at the Doves. Turning at Chiswick church, they came right down to the Aqueduct without stopping in 14min 33sec, rowing between 32 and 33 a minute. It was very apparent that the four forward oars were out of form. In the afternoon both crews merely went out for a paddle to the Grass Wharf and back, the Oxford men trying their Clasper No. 2. On Wednesday Oxford again went over the entire course, their full time being 23min 7sec, on a poor tide and against a nasty north-east wind, which caused a heavy "lipper" in the upper reaches. Cambridge merely went from the Aqueduct to Chiswick church, finishing at the rate of 34 strokes a minute, their full time being 14min 31sec. In the afternoon both crews contented themselves with walking exercise. It is too early yet to form a decided opinion, but there can be no doubt that Cambridge are more taking to the eye than their opponents.

Every description of miserable weather on Saturday did not prevent a numerous and fashionable company from journeying to the head-quarters of the Surrey Cricket Club, at Kennington-oval, for the purpose of witnessing the final competition for the English Association Challenge Cup between the Old Etonians and Wanderers. My readers will remember that these teams met a week previously, when the result was a draw, hence the present match, which, however was just as one-sided as the other had been closely contested, the Wanderers winning by three goals to none. Many changes had been made in the light blue team, the brothers Meysey, Hogg,

Weldon, and Thompson being exchanged for Edgar Lubbock, F. H. Wilson, J. H. Stronge, and M. G. Farrar. Play all round was good, Hughes, Birley, Hubert Heron, and Kenrick being most conspicuous for the winners, whilst, on behalf of the vanquished, Bonsor, Kenyon-Slaney, and the Lyttletons were most energetic. All three goals were kicked by Hughes, who throughout the afternoon was the popular favourite. The Wanderers have now won the cup three times—viz., in 1872, 1873, 1876, Oxford being in possession in 1874, and the Royal Engineers holding the trophy last year. Upon the same day the final tussle for the Scottish Cup was played at the West of Scotland Ground, Partick, the rival teams being Queen's Park and the 3rd Lanark Rifle Volunteers. After some close and exciting play, the Queen's Park won by two goals to "love," and thus for the third successive year carried off the honours. In Ireland the annual competition between the Dublin Irish and English schools was productive of some first-class sport, and was played at the Queen's Park on Saturday last, when, after a closely-contested game, the "natives"

Queen's had a bye. Ere I close my remarks on football I regret to state that I have to record another fatal accident, which has caused Mat Wilcox, a well-known Birmingham player, to be taken from amongst us. A match was being played at Derby, under Rugby rules, on Saturday last, when one of the home team champions "charged" Wilcox as he was running with the ball, and they both came down, poor Mat dislocating his cerebral vertebra, and he died on the following day in Derby Hospital. I have never really liked the Rugby game, and the continued fatal results of charges and rough play will not commend it to the general public unless some modification of the rules takes place.

Athletics proper have been almost entirely confined to the two Universities, the 'Varsity sports having been held at both Marston and Fenners. At Oxford the principal feature has been the high jump of M. J. Brooks, the president of the club, who has at length made a best on record for himself alone by clearing six feet on a by no means favourable day. By a rule passed last year the committee select their own runners for the Inter-

University sports, and therefore many a man does not run out or does not run at all, and yet wears his blue; a practice I am compelled to condemn, as it is hard lines for a man to "race his heart out," and, although beaten by a mere shade, then to be shunted for another athlete who has been too lazy or too careless to get fit and have a fair try against the fresh comers. To return to the sports, however, M. Shearman, of St. John's, and a well-known performer at Lillie-bridge, won the 100 yards, and thus obtained the coveted "blue" at the first time of asking; Metcalfe, of University, won the quarter; Brooks the two jumps, at 6ft and 21ft 11in respectively; Nash, Lincoln, took the hurdles; C. H. Hodges, Queen's, the weight-putting, at 36ft 6in; Nicolls, of Christ Church, won the mile, Goodwyn, of Jesus, running up, and also winning the three-mile race. Metcalfe, of University, won the half mile, and H. S. Holme, Brasenose, threw the hammer 96ft 9in; whilst the 150 yards and quarter of a mile handicaps, open to the sister University, were won respectively by A. S. Scott, B.W.C. (4 yards), Oxford, and E. M. Salmon, Jesus College, Cambridge (14 yards). At Cambridge the sports are at the time of writing not completed, and I must confine my remarks to stating that Davidson, Trinity, put the weight 35ft 4in; A. R. Lewis, C.C.C., won the quarter "hands down" in 51 2-5sec; Cunliffe, Trinity, secured the one mile and half mile without being extended; Loder, Jesus, easily obtained the flat in the hurdles; Blaythwait, C.C.C., won the high jump at 5ft 5½in. Next week I shall be enabled to give the full return, and also endeavour to put my readers on the right team and men for the various races to be held at Lillie-bridge the day before the boat-race.

Racquets have been going on at both Oxford and Cambridge, and at the former place H. C. Jenkins, C.C.C., and S. C. Snow, Hertford, won the annual double-handed match from the brothers A. J. Webbe, Trinity, and H. R. Webbe, New College, whilst in the single-handed match A. J. Webbe beat A. L. Ellis, New College. Bouverie, of Trinity, has won the champion cup at Cambridge, and the Hon. A. Lyttelton has vanquished M. P. Lucas, Trinity Hall, for the right of playing in the double-handed match. Strange to relate, last year's champions, H. A. Bull, Trinity College, Cambridge, and C. W. M. Kempe, Oriol College, are both, through accidents, incapacitated from playing.

"Let us to billiards," has not been a very general cry since my last; but those who journeyed as far as Balham on Thursday week had a treat, the players being J. Roberts, jun., the champion, and W. Cook, jun., the former winning a game of 750 points up by 224 points, scoring during the evening 600 in one break, during

which he made three runs of 31, 35, and 112 chassespots, Cook also manipulating a very scientific 106 all round the table and 247, 11, 18, and 13 "spots" helping him to compile the last-named one. On Friday se'nnight the farewell benefit to the champion took place at St. James's Hall, when Roberts and Taylor were opposed to Cook and Stanley in a four-handed game of 1000 up; but the play was not brilliant, the first-mentioned pair proving the victors. Cook, on Monday, conceded George Hunt 300 points in 1000, and he won with ridiculous ease by 241 points—the scene of the contest being the Admiral Keppel, Brompton. I am informed, on good authority, that the Inter-University matches are to take place at Brown's Rooms, Cambridge, on Tuesday and Wednesday next, when Pontifex (Trinity, Cambridge) will oppose Adey (Worcester, Oxford) in the single-handed match, and they will be partnered respectively by Sarkies (Caius, Cambridge) and Horn (Worcester, Oxford).

Bicycling is now fairly getting under way, and on Saturday last the Surrey Club had their opening run, during which, at Ditton, a race for a prize presented by a member took place, when C. P. Coleman proved the victor; and on the same afternoon a dozen members of the Wanderers' Club had their fourth run through Clapham-common, Balham, Tooting, Mitcham, and Carshalton.

EXON.



FOSTER POWELL, THE "WESTON" OF THE 18TH CENTURY.

won by one goal and a try to nothing. On Monday the third trial-match for the purpose of selecting the team to play London on Saturday next was decided at the Bramall-lane Grounds, Sheffield, when the eleven defeated the trial thirteen most disastrously, winning by no fewer than seven goals to love. The matches played around London since my last have been legion, the various clubs evidently intending to do as much as they can ere the season closes. Clapton beat Eaton Rovers by a goal and two touches-down to a touch-down at Battersea Park; and a second team, who stayed at home to meet the Rob Roy, were also successful by three goals and two touches-down to a try and one touch-down. St. Vincent, at Highgate, beat Reindeer by a goal, a try, and three touches-down to two tries and two touches-down. Gresham and the Pilgrims played at Hackney Downs, when the home team suffered defeat, being beaten by one goal to nil. Selborne beat Petrel at Blackheath by one goal to love. Clapham Rovers, at Streatham, just beat the Old Haileyburians by two tries to one. Forest School, Past v. Present, ended in a draw. Burlington beat German Gymnasium at Primrose-hill by four touches-down to one. Upton Park and Westminster School played a drawn game at Vincent-square, &c. At Oxford, the College ties for the Rugby prize have been going on, Exeter beating Magdalen, B.N.C. beat Keble, New College beat Christ Church, St. John's beat Trinity, and



ON THE STAGE...



THE GAME OF "HURLING"



THE PROCESSION
IN THE GROUNDS—

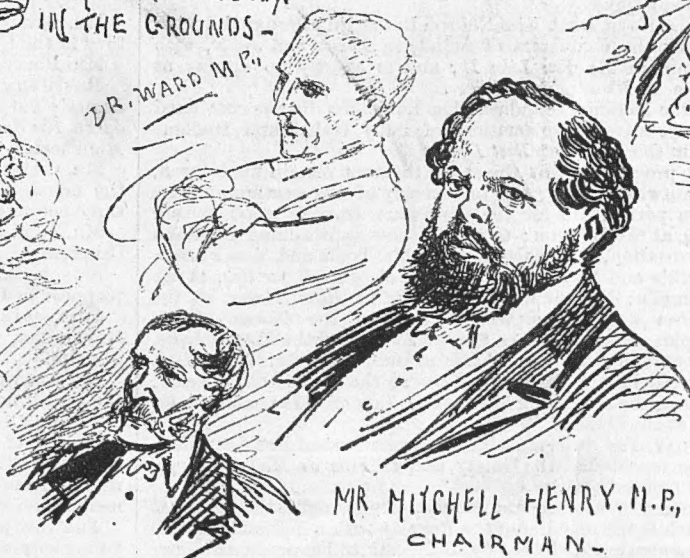
DR. WARD M.P.



WHAT SOME EXPECTED TO SEE / THE IRISHMAN AS HE
REALLY APPEARED—



HEADS OF THE PEOPLE AT THE
BANQUET



MR MITCHELL HENRY, N.P.,
CHAIRMAN—

MR W. H. O'SULLIVAN, M.P.

SOME OF THE SPEAKERS
AT THE BANQUET—



THE SECRETARY
THE "BIG MAN" OF THE
DAY

THE LORD "THAT IS NOT ASHAMED HE IS AN ENGLISHMAN"

ST PATRICK'S DAY
CELEBRATION AT THE
ALEXANDRA PALACE,

SATURDAY MARCH 18th 1876



THE VIRTUOUS IRISH!

a sketch during the Concert

Harry Furness

FOSTER POWELL, THE ENGLISH WESTON.

At a moment when the praises of Edward Payson Weston are being so loudly sung, and English pedestrians of the present day appear to have been unable hitherto to cope with the American walker at any distance over a hundred miles, it may not be untimely to present our readers with a portrait of an Englishman who is credited with the performance of feats exceeding even the achievements of our Yankee cousin.

The illustration on page 620 (copied from an old print obligingly lent to us by Mr. Henry Weaver, of Kensington) represents Foster Powell, the noted Yorkshire pedestrian, who was born at Horsforth, near Leeds, in the year 1734. Beneath the original portrait is printed the following record of what were presumably Foster Powell's most noteworthy feats as a pedestrian:—

"In 1773 he went on foot from London to York and back again in 5 days and 18 hours, 402 miles.

"In 1787 he went on foot from Canterbury to London Bridge and back again in 24 hours, 112 miles.

"In 1788 he went on foot again from London to York and back [402 miles] in 5 days and 20 hours."

Scotland offers another instance of the exhibition of great powers of endurance in walking worthy of being coupled with the performances of Foster Powell. Mr. Walter Bentley has courteously sent us the appended extract from "Hislop's Book of Scottish Anecdote":—"Scots' Mag., September, 1789.—Died lately at Dually, near Dunkeld, aged eighty-nine, Mr. John Stewart. This gentleman was so remarkable for agility and strength that, a bet having been laid a few years ago that he would walk from Dunkeld to London (450 miles) in five days, he accomplished the journey in four days and six hours."

If this be true, Mr. John Stewart's performance totally eclipses Weston's walk of 450 miles in six days, for the gallant Scot had to labour under the disadvantages of having hills to climb and no band to enliven him en route, and yet succeeded in covering in a little over four days the same distance that Weston took six entire days to accomplish.

ENGLISH V. AMERICAN PEDESTRIANISM.—Joseph Spencer was announced to start at eight o'clock on Thursday evening last, at the Agricultural Hall, to try and accomplish the task of walking 110 miles in twenty-four consecutive hours. Spencer is over fifty years of age.

ANOTHER RIVAL TO WESTON.—"Barnack" writes of yet another English pedestrian who appears even to have excelled the greatest feat of Foster Powell, whose portrait is given in another page:—"In a village inn three miles from Stamford there is now to be seen a print of John Mountjoy, who, on June, 1840, walked 474 miles on the road between Norwich and Yarmouth in six days, thereby eclipsing Weston's feat of 450 miles."

O'LEARY V. WESTON.—The *New York Sportsman*, which seems to have a strong antipathy to Weston, says of Edward Payson:—"His recent feat of 180 miles in 48 hours will not be deemed a very great thing in this country, for the reason that O'Leary walked 189 miles and 2586ft in 46 hours 16min 16sec total time, and the actual walking time for the above-mentioned distance was 36 hours 33min 43sec. This was in the 500-mile contest with Weston, being O'Leary's performance on the first two days of that effort. It will be remembered that he walked Weston virtually to a standstill, and beat him about 50 miles in the 500. . . There seems now to be a fear among the writers of inferior status in London that the press and people of America will raise shouts of acclamation over Weston's achievements and indulge in a storm of derision against England. Nothing can be further from the fact. It was the Blue-noses over in St. John's who fired Royal salutes in consequence of a victory by their oarsmen, and voted each of them a sum of money out of the city treasury. Knowing that we have a much better man than Weston, from 100 miles up to 500, we are not likely to fall into ecstasy on account of his doings; and if, as we see announced, he is likely to become a permanent resident of 'the tight little island,' it will afford great satisfaction to many people on this side of the 'melancholy main.'"

LONDON ATHLETIC CLUB.—The First Spring Meeting of this club will be held on Saturday, March 25, at the Lillie-bridge grounds, West Brompton.

P.M. PROGRAMME.

3. 0.—220 Yards Challenge Cup.
3. 5.—600 Yards Challenge Cup (Handicap). 32 entries.
- 3.10.—100 Yards Handicap (open); seven heats. 54 entries.
- 3.45.—250 Yards Handicap (members); five heats. 52 entries.
- 4.10.—880 Yards Handicap (open). 47 entries.
- 4.15.—Three Miles Walking Challenge Cup.
- 4.30.—100 Yards Handicap; final heat.
- 4.40.—Four Miles Handicap (open). 29 entries.
5. 5.—250 Yards handicap; final heat.
- 5.15.—Presentation of Prizes.

OXFORD ATHLETES.—The following is the list of the Oxonians who compete at Lillie-bridge against Cambridge on the 7th of next month:—

FLAT-RACE, 100 Yards.—E. C. Myddleton-Evans, Magdalen; M. Shearman, St. John's; the time of the latter this year being 10 2-5 sec.

THROWING THE HAMMER.—H. G. Holme, Brasenose; C. P. Lewis, Jesus; Mr. Holme's farthest throw in public being 100ft.

HIGH JUMP.—M. J. Brooks, Brasenose; C. P. Lucas, Balliol. *Highest yet cleared at the Universities, 6ft.

FLAT-RACE, One Mile.—E. R. J. Nicolls, Christ Church; A. Goodwin, Jesus; C. G. Steel, University. Latest time, 4min 35sec.

HURDLE-RACE, 120 Yards.—E. R. Nash, Lincoln; E. L. Trefrey, Magdalen. Latest time, 17 3-5th sec.

FLAT RACE, Quarter-mile.—C. J. Metcalfe, University; G. Solly, Magdalen. Latest time, 52 1-2 sec.

PUTTING THE WEIGHT.—C. H. Hodges, Queen's; J. A. Fraser, Merton. Farthest put, 36ft 6in.

BROAD JUMP.—M. J. Brooks, Brasenose; R. V. Surtees, University. Distance, 21ft 11in.

THREE MILES.—W. H. R. Stevenson, New; W. H. Grenfell, Balliol; F. Bullock-Webster, Hertford. Time, 15min 41sec.

CRICKET AT OXFORD UNIVERSITY.—Mr. [Game, of Oriel, is president for 1876; Mr. D. Campbell, of Christ Church, hon. sec.; Mr. A. J. Webbe, of Trinity, treasurer. The prospects of the Dark Blue appear most promising, as, in addition to the officers, Messrs. T. W. Lang, W. W. Pulman, R. Briggs, V. Royle, F. M. Buckland, and H. G. Tylecot (members of last year's team) are again eligible. The following is, as far as we can learn, a list of the available Freshmen:—Messrs. H. R. Webbe, New College, late captain of the Winchester eleven; C. W. Kempe, Oriel College, captain of the Harrow eleven; A. Pearson, Balliol, captain of the Rugby eleven; A. H. Heath, Brasenose, and T. W. Stubbs, Magdalen, from Clifton College; A. C. Tyssen, Merton, from Harrow; C. K. Mackenzie, University, and R. E. Ricketts, Trinity, from Repton School; O. J. Daniell and F. S. Guille, Trinity, from

* The fact of Mr. Brooks's extraordinary jump of 6ft being the highest jump on record is disputed in a letter addressed to a contemporary and bearing the signature of R. Fraser-Smith. This gentleman writes of his townsman, Sergeant-Major Andrew Milne, whose athletic feats were alluded to in our last Number, that "at Dunkeld Highland games, in 1860, in the presence of the Duke of Athol and all the gentry of the neighbourhood, Sergeant-Major Milne cleared 6ft on two occasions. In the following year, when training for his match with William Booth, of Manchester, he excelled this magnificent performance by frequently jumping 6ft 1in; and I may add that I am in possession of evidence (the statements of gentlemen who were present, not once, but several times, and witnessed the height "6ft 1in," fairly jumped and measured) which precludes the possibility of a mistake having been made."

Brighton School; C. B. Coult, from Malvern; and J. B. Cranstoun, Oriel, and J. T. Twist, University, from Shrewsbury. The following well-known professionals have been engaged by the University Club, viz:—Farrands, Notts; Griffiths, Surrey; Bowles, Oxford; Jacks, Oxford; Mee, Notts; Allen, Surrey; Cribden, Warwick; Merton, Notts; and Trodd, Surrey. The following fixtures have already been made:—

June 1, at Oxford.—Oxford v. M.C.C. and Ground.
June 8, 9, 10, at Oxford.—Oxford v. the Gentlemen of England.
June 19, at Prince's.—Oxford v. Middlesex.
June 22, at Lord's.—M.C.C. v. Oxford (return).
June 26, at Lord's.—Oxford v. Cambridge.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY AND THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL REGATTA.—A New York contemporary publishes the following reply of the President of the C.U.B.C. to the Chairman of the Centennial Committee:—"Cambridge University Boat Club, Feb. 14, 1876. To B. Frank Rees, Chairman of Regatta Committee, New York: Dear Sir,—At a meeting of the Cambridge University Boat Club, held on Feb. 3, I brought forward the most cordial invitation sent us by the Rowing Association of American Colleges to compete in their annual intercollegiate regatta in July, and it was decided on account of the various difficulties there would be to get a good representative crew respectfully to decline, on the part of the University Boat Club, that honour, but at the same time it was also decided that every encouragement should be given by the University Boat Club to any college crew that would go over the water and compete with your colleges.—I remain, Sir, yours truly, Wm. B. Crose, President of the University Boat Club." The above official letter was accompanied by a private letter from Mr. Crose to Mr. B. F. Rees, in which he says:—"There was, however, a strong feeling at the meeting that some crew should be sent from here to try the mettle of our American cousins at their annual Intercollegiate Regatta, and I have great hopes I may persuade Jesus College, at present head of the river, to go over and represent us, and, failing them, a Trinity crew; but both wish to wait and see what they are capable of in the May races up here before promising. Failing to get either of these colleges to represent themselves singly, I think a good amalgamated crew might be made out of them."

The Drama.

The only dramatic novelty of the week was an amusing farce produced at the Olympic on Saturday night, under the title of *Fascinating Fellows*, which has during the week preceded *The Gascon* in the programme.

At the Gaiety matinee, on Saturday, Kotzebue's gloomy play of *The Stranger* was represented, with Mr. Phelps as Waldberg and Miss Genevieve Ward as Mrs. Haller. On Wednesday Mr. Byron's comic drama of *Tottle's*, with Mr. Toole and Miss Farren, was given for the first time at a day performance.

At the Opéra Comique *La Fille de Madame Angot* was revived for the afternoon performance on Saturday, Miss Emily Soldene resuming her old part of Mdle. Lange and Miss Kate Santley appearing for the first time as Clairette; Mr. Knight Aston was the Ange Pitou. The musical absurdity *Crazed* was also represented. The evening programme during the week comprised *Trial by Jury* and *Genevieve de Brabant*. In the latter Miss Soldene of course sustained her original part of Drogon, Miss Emily Muir appeared as the Duchess Genevieve, Miss Vesey and Messrs. E. Marshall and Felix Berry resumed their old positions as the pet page and the two gendarmes. The leading novelty in the cast was that of Mr. W. J. Hill, who infused much original drollery into the impersonation of the Grand Duke.

At the Haymarket Miss Neilson has again alternated during the week the characters of Juliet, in *Romeo and Juliet*, with Rosalind, in *As You Like It*; and is shortly to appear as Isabella, in *Measure for Measure*.

At the National Standard Miss Louie Moodie has continued her impressive impersonations of Lady Isabel and Madame Vine, in the drama of *East Lynne*.

The programmes at the other theatres remain unchanged, and, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather and the Lenten period, are for the most part drawing good houses. *Othello*, at the Lyceum; *Our Boys*, now approaching its 400th representation, at the Vaudeville; Mr. Toole and Miss Farren, in *Tottle's* and *Spelling Bee*, at the Gaiety; *All for Her*, at the St. James's; Miss Jenny Lee, as Jo, in *Bleak House*, at the Globe—a marvellous piece of acting; the *Gascon*, at the Olympic; *A Lesson in Love*, *Cracked Heads*, and the *Rival Othellos*, at the Strand; *Rip Van Winkle*, at the Princess's; *Peep o' Day*, at the Adelphi; *Masks and Faces*, at the Prince of Wales's; *Too True*, the screaming farce of *A Tale of a Tub*, and *On the Rink*, at the Duke's.

TO-DAY *The Stranger*, with the same cast as last Saturday, will be repeated at the Gaiety, and *La Fille de Madame Angot* at the Opéra Comique.

SEVERAL events are announced for to-night, the principal of which is the opening of the Royalty with a new and original comic opera entitled *Pom*, by Bucalossi, to be produced under the direction of Mrs. W. H. Liston, and in which the leading rôles will be sustained by Misses Pattie Laverne and Annie Goodall and Messrs. Knight Aston, John Rouse, Clifton, and Dalton.

Paul Pry, with Mr. Lionel Brough and Miss Rachel Sanger in the two principal characters, will replace *Loyalty* at the Criterion.

Uncle Dick's Darling, with Mr. Toole in his great part, will replace *Tottles* at the Gaiety.

The season at Hengler's Cirque, which has been very successful, terminates to-night.

The testimonial benefit for Mr. J. A. Cave takes place at the Globe Theatre on Monday afternoon.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

"FASCINATING FELLOWS."

A lively, and for the most part smartly-written, farce, by the author of *Rely on My Discretion*, &c., was produced here, on Saturday night, under the title of *Fascinating Fellows*, and, making some allowance for the improbability of the various situations, proved very amusing. A young Lothario, Gregory Gay, in search of a lady whom he had met the previous evening at Cremorne, obtrudes into the house of a young widow at Brompton, representing himself first to the servant as a doctor, then to the young widow as a detective, to her brother Jack as a former lover of his sister, the widow, and, finally, to the father, an old sea captain, as a lawyer. The complications in which the intrusive Gay becomes involved through these misrepresentations, and the difficulty of extricating himself, are highly amusing, but too intricate to relate in detail—they culminate, however, in the results arising out of his making love to the pretty widow; first he draws down upon him the jealous fury of the widow's lover, Charles Deane, and, worse than all, he is rejected by the young lady to whom he was engaged to be married, Miss Fanny Carroll, who pairs off with Jack Boyant, the brother of the widow, who bestows her hand on Charles Deane. Mr. Lytton Sothorn exhibits marvellous improvement, and sus-

tains the part of the voluble and volatile hero, Gregory Gay, with easy coolness and great vivacity, in many points forcibly recalling his father's self-possessed style and finish. This is decidedly the best, as it is the most arduous, impersonation this young actor has yet essayed. Miss Hazelton was piquante and arch as the young widow, Lucy Boyeant. Miss Beaumont, as her friend Fanny Carroll, has little to do beyond looking pretty and ladylike. Mr. Voltaire as the bluff sea captain, Mr. Hallam as his son Jack, and Mr. Darley as Lucy's jealous lover, Charles Deane, commendably fill their respective parts; and the pretty Maude Branscombe sustains the small character of Jane Twitters, the parlour-maid, in a most unobtrusive yet artistic manner, very agreeable to witness in so young an actress, who also gives promise of future talent by her very agreeable impersonation of Georgette in the petite comédietta *'Twas I*, which now follows *The Gascon* in the programme at this house.

DUKE'S THEATRE.

A TALE OF A TUB.

The "new and original whimsical absurdity," *A Tale of a Tub*, by Messrs. H. Girton (obviously an anagram of the name of the clever comedian and principal actor in the piece) and Paul Meritt, produced here last week, vividly recalled, in the continuous laughter it excited from beginning to end, the "screaming" farces of the Adelphi when the late Edward Wright was leading low comedian there. Although slight in motive and construction, the action is brisk, the situations intensely funny and amusing, while Mr. Righton, who acts the principal part with unusual vivacity and spirit, reveals a terpsichorean talent hitherto unsuspected, and of an order graceful and finished even in its most grotesque phases. The part so humorously played by Mr. Righton is that of Anthony Tubb, who, under the artistic appellation of Signor Tubbin, had acquired both fame and fortune as an eminent stage-dancer, but whose increasing corpulency sadly interferes with his terpsichorean successes; and, instead of the applause and bouquets he was long accustomed to, his efforts only meet with the "goose," and Tubb is compelled to secede into the position of ballet-master, until, by perpetually exercising his legs in his favourite profession, he hopes to sufficiently reduce his figure to enable him to resume his former vocation. Tubb consequently, whenever we see him, is in perpetual motion, and the effect is ludicrous in the extreme. The action takes place in the lodgings of a poor but very proud young artist, Mr. Palgrave, whose wife, unknown to her husband, is studying a part for the stage, with the view of relieving their domestic impenitency. Tubb skips in to give her instructions in the rôle she is about to appear in, and in the course of the lesson Tubb gives amusing imitations of stage dances and dancers in every variety, from those of the première danseuse to the less finished forms of the corps de ballet. Returning suddenly, the husband witnesses his wife and the ballet-master rehearsing a love scene, which, supposing it to be real, at once arouses his jealousy, and he determines to shoot poor Tubb. While the infuriated husband goes for his pistol, Tubb first is concealed in a cupboard somewhat too narrow for his aldermanic proportions, and then takes refuge in a cradle, whence, after some practical and exciting fun between the infuriated husband and poor wife, he is turned out of his refuge by the struggles of the parents. Of course, the necessary explanations are made, and all ends happily, Tubb, by the application of a tape measure, discovering that he had lost two inches during the recent excitement. The trifle is an immense and deserved success, mostly due to the clever acting of Mr. Righton, who is, however, well supported by Mr. Macklin and Miss Minnie Lindley as the young artist and his wife.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN returns to England, after his successful tour in the United States, California, and Canada, in June.

MR. BOUCICAULT sails for America in July.

MRS. JOHN WOOD will resume her management of the St. James's Theatre at Easter, when she will produce Mr. Cellier's opera *The Sultan of Mocha*, which has had a great success at Manchester.

MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM will inaugurate his resumption of the management of the Criterion Theatre, at Easter, with a three-act comic drama, entitled *The Great Divorce Case*.

MR. JOHN CLARKE joins Mr. Wyndham's company at the Criterion.

SIGNOR SALVINI is now playing in the provinces, and will reappear in London later in the season.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Measure for Measure* is in preparation at the Haymarket, with Miss Neilson as Isabella and Mr. Conway as Claudio.

AN American drama, under the title of *Struck Oil*, will be the Easter novelty at the Adelphi.

The death is announced of George Barker, the vocalist and composer of "The Irish Emigrant," "Mary Blane," and numerous other popular songs. Mr. George Barker, who had retired from the stage for several years, died at Aylestone, near Leicester, aged sixty-five.

The death is also announced of Miss Henrade, a clever young actress of the Lyceum, Haymarket, and Globe Theatres, who had retired from the stage a few years since on her marriage with a wealthy Greek gentleman, Mr. S. D. Pitzipios.

The successful drama of *All for Her* will continue to be represented at the St. James's for another fortnight only, as Mrs. John Wood resumes her occupancy of this theatre on Easter Monday. Mr. John Clayton and Mr. Wigan's company go to Liverpool to give a few performances of *All for Her*, and return to London to resume the representations of this drama at the Princess's on May 1, when Mr. Jefferson vacates that theatre.

A COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT is to be given on Wednesday evening next, at Drury Lane Theatre, to Mr. James Guiver, for several years treasurer to Mr. Chatterton, and for a short period lessee of the Holborn Theatre. An attractive programme is announced, consisting of *A Happy Pair*, by Mr. Tearle and Miss Swanborough, and *The School for Scandal*, with an unusually strong cast, including Mr. Phelps, as Sir Peter Teazle, Mr. Creswick and Mr. Hermann Vezin as Joseph and Charles Surface, Mr. John Clarke as Moses, Mrs. Sterling as Mrs. Candour, Mrs. Hermann Vezin as Lady Teazle, &c.

A MORNING PERFORMANCE of *Piff-Paff* will be given, by special desire, at the Criterion on Saturday next.

MR. BURNAND, it is said, intends, relinquishing the Duke's Theatre at Easter.

MISS HELEN BARRY has purchased from Messrs. H. Herman and J. Mackay the right of production of their new drama, *Caryswold*. It is her intention to produce it first at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, at Easter.

On Monday morning next a testimonial benefit will be given to Mr. J. A. Cave, at the Globe Theatre, which has been generously placed at his disposal by Messrs. F. Farlie and Edgar Bruce. Most of the leading artists of London will appear, and carry out the promise of "a bill" the attractiveness of which could not possibly be excelled. The theatre ought to, and we have no doubt will, be crowded from floor to ceiling.

Music.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday. Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

LAST Saturday was a fête-day at the Alexandra Palace. The festival of St. Patrick was kept, a day after date, for the convenience of those who could more easily and more conscientiously make holiday on a Saturday; and some 20,000 visitors were drawn to the palace by the multifarious attractions provided by the able and energetic Mr. Alfred Emden. Irish music was the chief feature in the bill of fare. Other delights were provided, in the shape of hurling, jig-dancing, rinking, ballooning, and a capital performance of Dion Boucault's *Colleen Bawn*; but music was poured forth in a continual stream, from noon till late at night. At twelve o'clock a performance on the great organ was given by Mr. Frederic Archer, who performed a number of Irish airs with his accustomed skill, and was especially successful in a fantasia on Irish airs composed by himself. At one o'clock, and again at two o'clock, the band of the 1st Middlesex Engineers, under the direction of Mr. Robert Wheatley, gave capital performances of almost exclusively Irish music; and at three o'clock a "grand" vocal and instrumental concert was given in the concert-room. It was a good concert, but there was no occasion for the use of the adjective "grand;" and it is to be regretted that the managers of the Alexandra Palace are too much disposed to employ *ad captandum* devices of this kind, and to blow the managerial trumpet without any real necessity for such a proceeding. Under their management the Alexandra Palace has rapidly secured public confidence. People go there with the conviction that the entertainments provided for them will be acceptable, and worthy the reputation of the Palace; and the constant employment of such epithets as "grand" and "great" deprives the words of any real effect. It savours too much of the "showman" business; by frequent repetition fails to attract; is beneath the dignity of the locale; and cannot be too soon abolished. The artists who took part in the concert were Melle. Zuliani, the Sisters Badia, and Mr. Edward Lloyd, as solo vocalists; Mr. Howard Reynolds, cornet-à-pistons; Mr. R. H. Stratford, harp; with Mr. Frederic Archer as pianist, and the fine band and choir of the Palace, skilfully conducted by Mr. Weist Hill. It will be needless to specify the numerous pieces which composed the programme. The most successful was Benedict's "Eily Mavourneen," sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd. Mr. Howard Reynolds gained loud applause for his performance of "Terence's Farewell," which would probably have been easier recognised, by most of the audience, under its ancient designation, "The pretty girl milking her cow." The other artists were all more or less successful. The only portions of the concert which presented occasion for critical remark were the choral performances of selections from Moore's Irish melodies, harmonised by Balfe. The choir sang these admirably, and on such an occasion choral singing was desirable; but from a musical point of view the harmonised choral arrangements in question were by no means commendable. Such songs as "The last rose of summer" and "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," derive fully half their interest from the words which Moore adapted to his native melodies, with a felicity approaching to inspiration. His words afford a solo singer abundant opportunities of displaying those graces of expression which lend the highest charm to vocal music; and unless expression be imparted half the value of the songs must be lost. It must be imperilled when they are sung by a body of several hundred choristers, bound to keep strict time, or, at least, only to slacken or increase their pace, or to sing piano and forte, at the bidding of their conductor. The choral effects thus produced must be more or less mechanical, and cannot be compared with those which are made by a tasteful and sympathetic solo singer. It must also be observed that Balfe's forte was not harmony, and that his choral arrangements of Moore's melodies, particularly of "The last rose of summer," are not meritorious, and are often harsh and unsympathetic. Probably no better choral selections could be made for the Irish concert, and it is due to the Alexandra Palace choir to say that their singing was excellent.

At the conclusion of the concert the band of the 9th Kent Artillery, under the direction of Mr. Robshaw, played Irish melodies in the central hall, and were relieved at six o'clock by Mr. Frederick Archer, who played on the great organ till seven o'clock, when the "grand" evening concert commenced. There were two solo vocalists, Mrs. Clara Suter (vice Mrs. Osborne Williams, indisposed) and Mr. Wilford Morgan. The lady was successful in "The Meeting of the Waters," and Mr. Wilford Morgan was enthusiastically applauded for his execution of "Kathleen Mavourneen." The choir and band of the palace, with the two military bands before named, and Mr. Howard Reynolds and Mr. Stratford, supplied the other portions of the concert, which was conducted by Mr. Weist Hill. The great hall filled as night closed in, and at one time the audience must have numbered over 15,000; yet the greatest order was preserved, and only one untoward incident occurred. Besides the musical performances inside the palace, there were several amateur bands playing about the grounds all day. One of these—the band of the Spicer-street school—entered the great hall just as Mrs. Suter was about to commence her second song, and began to play most lustily. They were, of course, soon stopped; and we are requested by their secretary to say that the band greatly regret the incident, which would not have occurred, but that there was a pause in the programme when they entered the building; and they thought, as no music appeared to be going on, they had better supply some. They sent a full apology to Mrs. Suter, and the affair was terminated in the good-natured spirit which characterised the proceedings of the day.

It may at first sight appear that a selection of music consisting of nothing but popular songs and song-tunes could present little, from an art point of view, to attract the artist or the critic; but quite a different view was entertained by the large body of professional musicians and critics who attended the concert. To an intelligent musician there was something eminently suggestive in the spectacle of large masses of people, numbering over 20,000, enjoying these popular melodies for nine hours with undiminished relish. It cannot be said that they were stimulated by national feeling more than by love of music; for, with only two exceptions, the songs were of the purely sentimental kind. What was it, then, which exercised so potent a fascination over them? It was that which, despite all the extravagant theories of modern German visionaries, has always been and ever will be the chief essential of music. It was Melody which enchained those thousands of listeners. What are erroneously called the "higher forms" of art may present a more exquisite kind of enjoyment to the musical student, who has educated himself to appreciate the intricate beauties of harmonic combinations; but music has no "higher form" than Melody, which stands in the same relation to so-

called "higher forms" of musical art as a symmetrical human form to the drapery in which it is attired. And no more remarkable and interesting illustration of this truth could be desired than that which was furnished by twenty thousand lovers of melody, on Saturday last, at the Alexandra Palace.

MR. COENEN'S CHAMBER CONCERTS.

The Chamber Concerts of Modern Music given every season by Mr. Coenen, the well-known pianiste and composer, are calculated to fulfil important functions. At the Palaces of Sydenham and Muswell-hill modern orchestral music is liberally supplied, but instrumental chamber music is chiefly heard at the Monday Popular Concerts, where the classic repertoire is generally thought sufficiently attractive, and illustrations of modern composers are rarely presented. Mr. Coenen's first concert this season was given last week at St. George's Hall, when the following selection was performed:—

Trio in F major, op. 18, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello	St. Saens.
Messrs. Coenen, Wiener, and Daubert.	
Songs, { A. "Thine heart O give me"	Bach.
{ B. "Du bist wie eine Blume"	Schumann.
Miss Wilhelmina Gips.	
Quartet in C minor, op. 60, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello	Brahms.
(First time in this country.)	
MM. Coenen, Wiener, Zerbini, and Daubert.	
Soli, pianoforte, { A. "Consolation"	Liszt.
{ B. "Etude"	Rubinstein.
Mr. Coenen.	
Song, "The Erl King"	Schubert.
Miss Wilhelmina Gips.	
Quartet in G minor, for two violins, viola, and violoncello	Schubert.
MM. Wiener, Amor, Zerbini, and Daubert.	

The quartet by Brahms was an absolute novelty, and a characteristic specimen of the composer. He is always worth listening to, because he has something to say, and employs intelligible language in preference to those unknown tongues which are the delight of the forcible-feeble school. It does not follow, however, that we are bound to approve of all that he may say. The first movement of the quartet ("allegro non troppo") is bright and spirited; the opening theme for pianoforte is well handled; and a second subject for viola is equally acceptable. The second movement is marked "Scherzo," and is far from acceptable under that, or indeed any, designation. A scherzo, as its name imports, should exhibit playfulness, and this may pardonably verge on eccentricity; but some kind of melody is indispensable. This scherzo seems devoid not only of melody but of design. The groups of notes (they can hardly be called phrases) succeed each other without relation to what precedes or follows; and the absence of melody and form is not compensated by any other kind of playfulness than might be exhibited by an *ignis fatuus* darting round about a bog. The third movement (andante) is charming. It opens with a melodious theme for violoncello (accompanied by pianoforte only), afterwards repeated successively by the other instruments. The ensembles are beautifully harmonised, and the entire movement is delightful from beginning to end. The final movement ("Finale, allegro comodo") is bright and effective, and contains some brilliant passages for the pianoforte, which received ample justice from Mr. Coenen, who deserves thanks for producing the work in England. The trio by St. Saens is a colourless and weak composition. The Schubert G minor quartet was thoroughly acceptable. In the pianoforte portion of the concert Mr. Coenen greatly distinguished himself, and was well aided by the well-known artists whose names are given above. The vocal music was sung with tolerable skill by Miss Gips, particularly the Schumann song. The two songs which she tried to sing in English were spoiled by her mispronunciations. Her voice has little charm in any of its registers, and is the reverse of agreeable in the higher notes. As a singer of German lieder she might occupy a fair position; but we are at a loss to discover on what she can base any claim to acceptance as a singer of English, or as a vocalist of the second rank.

MR. BLAGROVE'S CONCERTINA CONCERTS.

The pretty little Langham Hall, formerly a Jewish synagogue, at 43, Great Portland-street, has been taken for a series of Concertina Concerts by Mr. Richard Blagrove, the well-known professor of the concertina. The fourth of his ten concerts was given last week, and attracted a goodly audience. The programme was well arranged, and the musical selections were taken from the works of great composers in almost all instances. The mode in which these selections were treated would probably be found unsatisfactory by professed musicians and connoisseurs; and they might with some show of justice protest against such enormities as a string quartet of Onslow's, played by "two treble, tenor, bass, and double-bass concertinas," and Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto in D minor, with the orchestration rendered by the same six wind instruments. Yet the audience seemed to be delighted, and it must be admitted that the apparent absurdity of the proceeding was diminished, if not quite effaced, by the ingenuity displayed in the distribution of the parts and the skill exhibited by the performers, four of whom—Miss Elwell, Miss Chidley, Mr. E. Chidley, and Mr. Rutherford—were pupils of Mr. Richard Blagrove. The pianoforte part was played in true artistic style by Mrs. Blagrove, who subsequently played Weber's pianoforte polonaise in E major most charmingly. Mr. Richard Blagrove, in two of the "Flying Leaves" composed expressly for the concertina by Molique, proved himself to be a consummate master of the instrument, and gained hearty applause. Miss Emily Moore, a young soprano vocalist, sang "Angels ever bright and fair" and Bishop's "Lo, here the gentle lark." She has a voice of agreeable quality, and sufficient power. Her articulation is not quite satisfactory, and her tendency to lisp should at once be corrected. She would also do well to refrain from attempting songs which abound in runs, shakes, and other vocal difficulties, until her vocalisation is further polished. It is the common, and perhaps natural, fault of young singers to prefer ambitious songs to those which seem more easy to execute. They should content themselves with choosing songs that are within their powers, and singing those songs well—while assiduously practising the scales and solfeggi, which will ultimately enable them to shine in florid music. Miss Moore's voice and intelligence are much in her favour, and it is to be hoped that her talents may be developed by judicious culture, and not (as is too often the case) injured by premature forcing. The only other vocalist was Herr Werrenrath, a German second tenor, who chooses to massacre the Queen's English in preference to singing in a language which he knows how to pronounce. It was an amusing commentary on his performance that a fly-leaf was given with the programmes, containing "Words of Herr Werrenrath's songs"; so that, by aid of the printed words, the audience were enabled to comprehend the otherwise incomprehensible utterances of the singer. Herr Werrenrath has a powerful tenor voice of disagreeable quality, and might do well, perhaps, in the vocal music of his fatherland. We have so many bad native singers of English songs that we can dispense with his help in that capacity. The accompanists were MM. Watson and Ulrich.

Madame Schumann made her rentrée on Saturday last, after

an absence of two years, at the Saturday Popular Concert, St. James's Hall, and was received with enthusiasm by a crowded and brilliant audience. She will appear again at the Saturday Concert this afternoon, and will play selections from her husband's "Kreisleriana," and the pianoforte part in his pianoforte quintet.

The Philharmonic Society gave its first concert this season on Thursday last, too late for notice this week.

Mr. Henry Leslie's choir gave a sacred concert at St. James's Hall last night, which will be noticed by us next week.

At the last Monday Popular Concert, Mdle. Krebs, and Herr Joachim were the pianiste and solo violinist, and Miss Mary Davies the vocalist. The only novelty was a violoncello sonata by Geminiani, beautifully played by Signor Piatti. At the concert on Monday next Madame Schumann will play Beethoven's "Waldstein" pianoforte sonata. The concert on Monday week will be the last of the present series.

At the Crystal Palace concert last Saturday the B minor symphony of Schubert was performed, and Herr Joachim played his Hungarian concerto.

At the Alexandra Palace concert this afternoon Beethoven's "Heroic Symphony" (No. 3) will be performed; Mdle. Maria Krebs will play Weber's pianoforte concerto in F minor, and a new cantata by Mr. L. Read will be produced.

The Trebelli Concert party have met with wonderful success in Denmark. They gave a concert last Saturday at the Casino Theatre, Copenhagen, which was crowded to overflowing. All their concerts at Copenhagen have been honoured by the presence of the Royal family, and they have been invited to visit the Court on a future day. Madame Trebelli and Herr Conrad Behrens have been highly successful in the vocal department. M. Vieuxtemps has made a success in his violoncello solos; and our clever compatriot Mr. F. H. Cowen has been enthusiastically applauded for his pianoforte solos, particularly in his own compositions, "La Suppliante" and "Ronde à la Turque," both of which have been invariably encored. They will arrive at Stockholm to-morrow, for their Swedish tour, and will return to London about the middle of April, in time for the opening of Her Majesty's Opera.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company on Monday last commenced a three-weeks' season at Manchester. Mdle. Torriani, we are glad to state, has recovered from the effects of her sprained ankle, and has rejoined the company. Madame Roze Perkins last week made her first appearance in English opera in *Zampa* and *The Bohemian Girl*, and made decided successes. With Mr. Santley, she again appeared in *Zampa* at the Manchester Theatre Royal, on Monday last, when the theatre was thronged and Mr. Carl Rosa was very warmly received.

Mdle. Tifens appears to have made even greater success as Leonora in *Il Trovatore* than as Norma. The great Boston Theatre (half as large again as Covent Garden) was thronged on the second night, and "rapturous applause and calls before the curtain, with demands for repetitions which at times seemed almost too exacting, were the rule." So says the *Boston Post*, which also says that Signor Brignoli, who played Manrico, "is the same as ever, his voice retaining that wonderful sweetness for which it is noted." The atmosphere of America must have worked wonders for Signor Brignoli, and it is to be hoped that he will not think of quitting it for our sakes.

Next Tuesday will be a red-letter day in the musical almanack. On that day the Royal Italian Opera Company will inaugurate its 1876 season with a performance of Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, an opera which is admirably calculated to display the vocal, instrumental, scenic, and choreographic resources of Covent Garden.

We think it necessary once more to say that the details given by us several weeks back of the arrangements for the English opera season next autumn, at the Lyceum Theatre, were furnished to us by Mr. Carl Rosa himself, and were published at his request and by his authority. Having already stated these facts, and knowing no reason why our veracity should be impugned, we are at a loss to account for the persistence with which the authenticity of our statement has been assailed by the musical contributor of a certain penny comic paper, for whose editor we have a strong personal regard. In a recent number this person thinks fit to say—

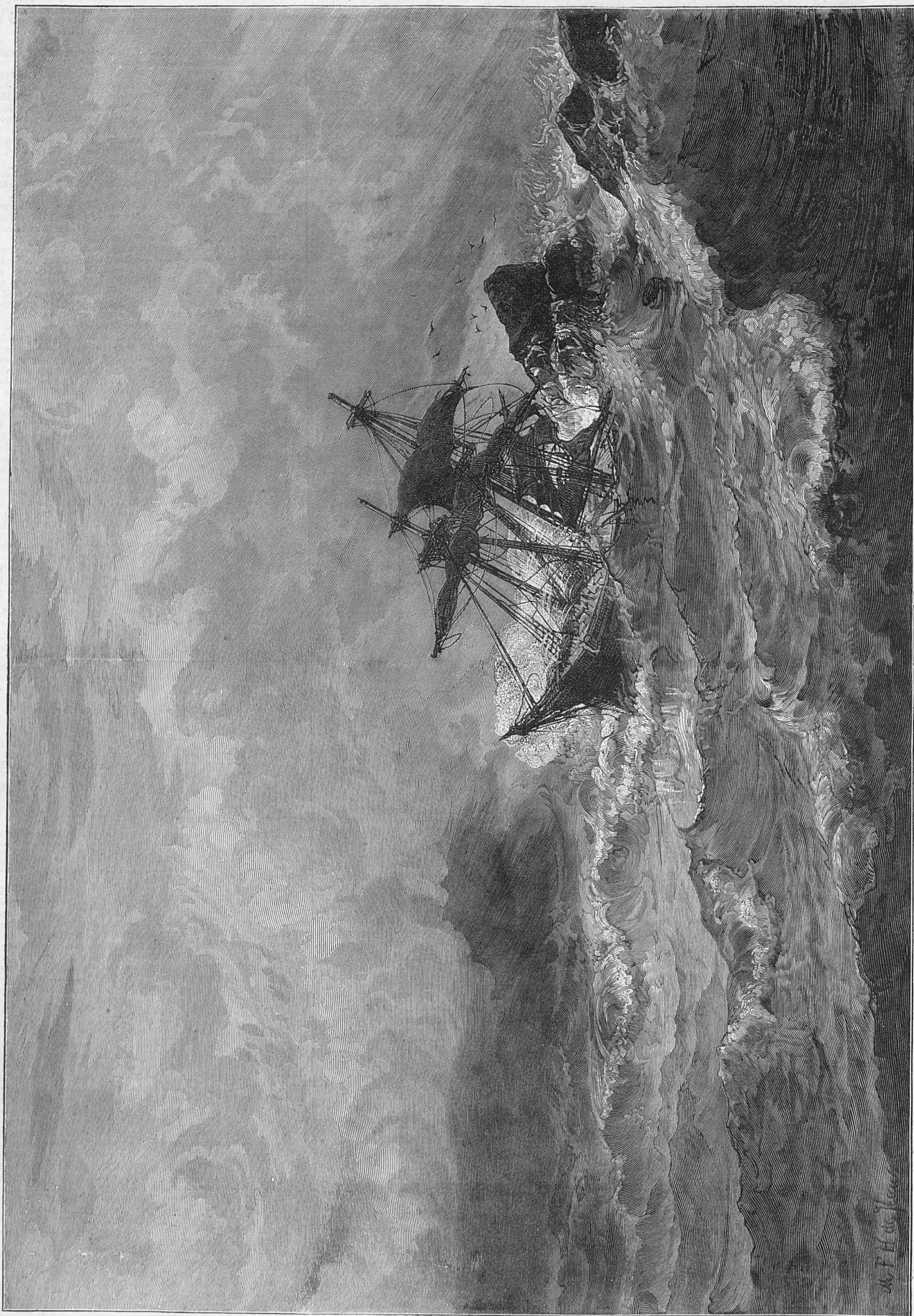
As I have before stated, the scheme alleged to have been put forth by Mr. Carl Rosa is utterly unfounded in fact. . . . I have Mr. Carl Rosa's authority to state that nothing is as yet decided in the matter, and that all statements to the contrary which are being put forward by enterprising but irresponsible periodicals are absolutely apocryphal. . . . Mr. Cowen's operetta will also probably be given.

Amateur musical critics, whose musical education has hardly commenced, may perhaps be excused for ignorance of the fact that the word "operetta" is the diminutive of "opera," and cannot therefore be applicable to Mr. Cowen's forthcoming work, which it has been publicly announced will be in four acts. (A copy of the libretto in four acts is in our possession). A raw novice in literary matters may perhaps be excused for ignorance of the courtesies and amenities which characterise respectable journalism; but there are few schoolboys so ignorant as not to know that such expressions as "utterly unfounded" and "absolutely apocryphal" impute, to those whose statements are thus characterised, the commission of deliberate falsehood, and stigmatise them as in future unworthy of belief.

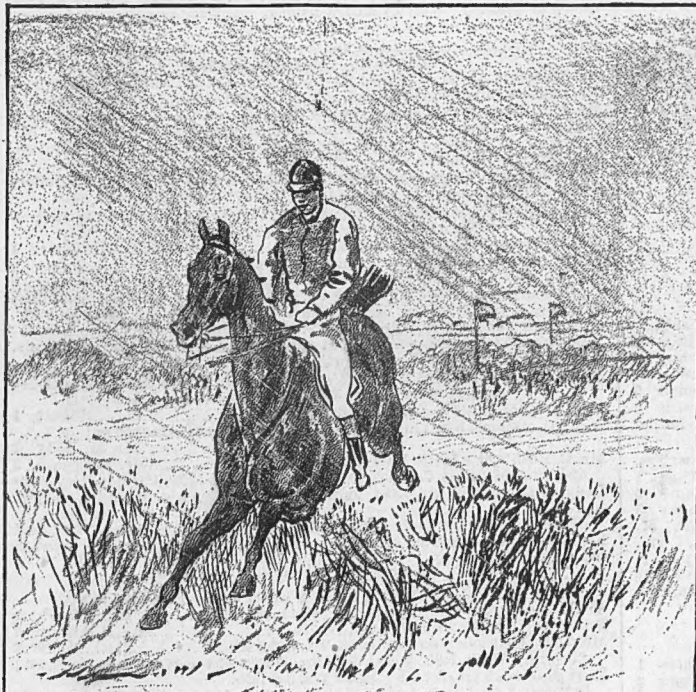
Imputations of such a nature and from such a quarter we might safely treat with contempt; but we have thought it best to give them a direct refutation, which Mr. Carl Rosa will be ready to confirm. We may be liable to error and accident, but it is our aim to be honest and truthful; and our readers will probably feel that there is little need for us to assure them, as we can with safety, that no statement has ever been or will be published in these columns as "by authority" of any person, unless inserted at that person's request. It is within our knowledge that the person to whose attacks on our authorised announcements we have referred quite recently published a statement to the effect that he was "authorised" by a well-known entrepreneur to announce his arrangements respecting some forthcoming concerts at St. James's Hall. The entrepreneur had given no such authority—had wished to keep his concert arrangements secret, so far as he was concerned, and was astounded to see the mendacious paragraph! The entrepreneur wrote to the person, repudiating the pretended authorisation, and demanding an explanation. The person wrote a penitential letter, offering to insert any contradiction which the entrepreneur might choose to forward. So much for statements published "by authority," by persons who—estimating the morality of others by their own—dare to insinuate that respectable journals can stoop to the beggarly tricks which are the stock in trade of eavesdroppers and impostors.

A review of new music will appear next week.

SANDOWN PARK.—The whole of the course at Sandown is now being thoroughly drained, including the land lately purchased by the club. Mr. Whittaker Bushe, the manager, has commenced a series of improvements which will tend greatly to ensure the success of the next meeting, in the City and Suburban week.



A LEE-SHORE.

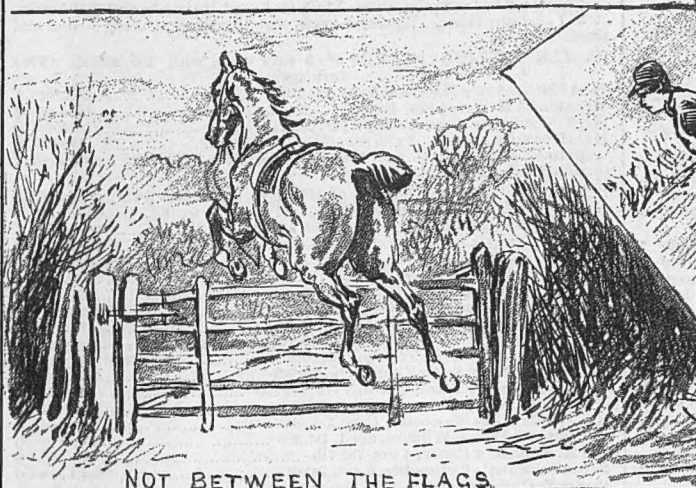


THE VETERAN STAKES



THE OTHERS IN THE LANE

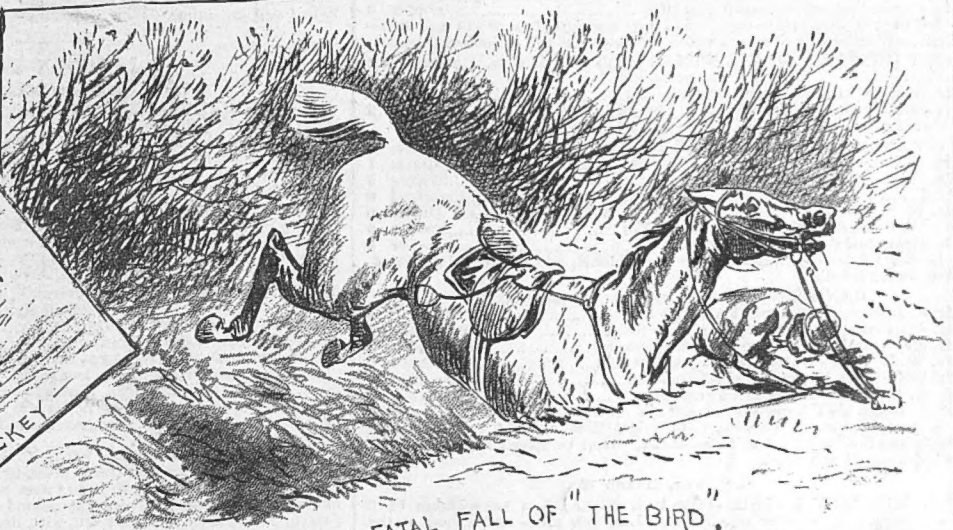
"MISS BRAILES" FIRST — ONE NOWHERE



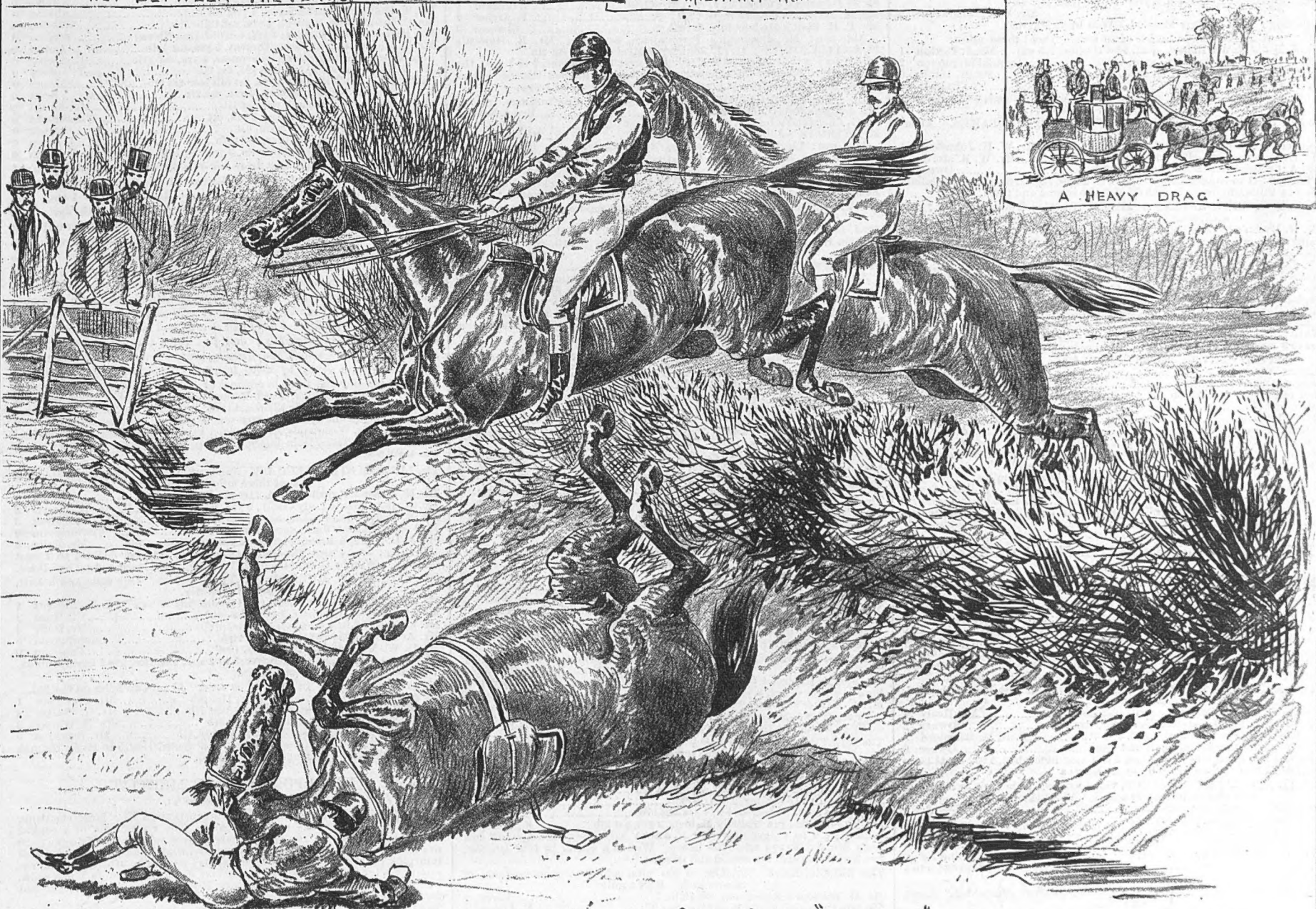
NOT BETWEEN THE FLAGS



THE JOCKEY



THE MILITARY HUNT CUP — FATAL FALL OF "THE BIRD"



A HEAVY DRAG

J. STURCESS. DEL.

THE MILITARY GOLD CUP. "REVENGE" DOWN AT THE FIRST BROOK

Betting: 4 to 1 agst; Whitebait, 6 to 1 each agst Florimel and Leveret, 100 to 15 agst Clonave, 8 to 1 agst Grand Fleuret, 10 to 1 each agst Solon and Hippas, 100 to 8 each agst Bay Middleton and Industrious. Won by three-quarters of a length; bad third; Florimel fourth. Time, 4min 52sec. The HYLTON FLYING STAKES, a high-weight handicap of 5 sovs each starter, with 200 added. Five furlongs.

Mr. James Brophy's Herbertstown, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb C. Archer 1
Mr. W. Sadler's Satisfaction, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb Thompson 2
Mr. T. Green's Aragon, 6 yrs, 8st 9lb Bruckshaw 3
Also ran: Instantly, 6 yrs, 8st 9lb; Miss Manfield, aged, 7st; Astrafiamante, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb; Sinecure, 5 yrs, 8st 10lb; Bargee, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb; Caballo de Oros, 3 yrs, 6st.

Betting: 100 to 30 agst Instantly, 4 to 1 agst Sinecure, 5 to 1 each agst Miss Manfield and Aragon. 100 to 12 agst Herbertstown. Won by half a dozen lengths; two lengths divided the second and third; and three lengths divided the third and fourth, Caballo de Oros being in the latter position.

The LITTLERLAND HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs. Five furlongs.
Mr. Whittaker's Cat's Eye, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb F. Archer 1
Mr. Bryson's Lyceum, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb G. Wood 2
Mr. Beadman's Prophete, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb Newhouse 3
Also ran: Red Rose 4 yrs, 8st 4lb; Bashful, 6 yrs, 7st 13lb; Curator, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb.

Betting: 7 to 4 on Prophete, 5 to 1 agst Cat's Eye, 7 to 1 each agst Lyceum and Bashful. Won easily by a length and a half. Curator a bad fourth.

The LANCASTRIAN PLATE of 150 sovs, added to a Welter handicap sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, 5 ft. About one mile and a half.

Mr. Masque's Akbar, 5 yrs, 10st 13lb (inc 14lb ex) Clement 1
Mr. Vyner's Glastonbury, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb W. Chaloner 2
Mr. Davenport's Tweed, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb Button 3
Also ran: Woodman, 4 yrs, 9st 10lb; Mainmast, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb; Laird of Glenorchy, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb. Miss Lizzie, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb.

Betting: 65 to 40 agst Akbar, 4 to 1 agst Miss Lizzie, 100 to 30 agst Laird of Glenorchy. Won by three lengths; two lengths separated the second and third.

The NATIONAL HUNTERS' STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 200 added. Two miles on the flat.

Mr. G. Cook's Ebor, 4 yrs, 12st 4lb (inc 14lb ex) Mr. J. Goodwin 1
Lord Wilton's Lightfoot, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb Mr. St. James 2
Mr. T. Lindsay's Conundrum, 5 yrs, 12st Mr. Boynton 3
Also ran: Burford, 6 yrs, 12st 2lb; Pitman, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb; g by Knight of Kars-Rosalba, 5 yrs, 12st; Conqueror, 5 yrs, 12st; Tissue, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb; Lancewood, aged, 12st; Verity, 5 yrs, 12st.

Betting: 6 to 5 on Ebor, 5 to 2 agst Conundrum, 7 to 1 agst Lightfoot, 12 to 1 agst any other. Won by half a length; a length and a half divided second and third.

The TRIAL STAKES of 5 sovs each starter, with 100 added. About seven furlongs.

Mr. W. K. Walker's Tricotrin, 6 yrs, (£100) Mackay 1
Mr. E. Weaver's Lady Glenochay, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb (£200) Glover 2
Mr. Johnstone's Woodman, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb (£100) G. Cooke 3
Betting: 5 to 4 on Lady Glenochay, 2 to 1 agst Tricotrin, who won easily by six lengths; four lengths divided second and third.

The MOLYNEUX STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 300 sovs added. Straight half-mile.

Lord Stamford's Lady of the Lea, 8st 9lb F. Archer + w.o.
Mr. W. T. Sharp's Polly Craven, 8st 9lb Webb +
Mr. T. Ansley's Cinderella, 8st 9lb Constable 3
Also ran: Mr. H. Baltazzi's c by Scottish Chief-Lady Dot, 8st 12lb; Duck's Egg, 8st 12lb; Garnet, 8st 9lb; Snare, 8st 9lb; c by Knowsley-Flightly dam, 8st 12lb; Warrenby, 8st 12lb; Broomwell, 8st 12lb; Tittle Tattle, 8st 9lb; Prior of Prado, 8st 12lb.

Betting: 11 to 10 agst Lady of the Lea, 100 to 15 each agst Cinderella, Polly Craven, and the Lady Dot, 10 to 1 agst any other. Polly Craven, who had got off badly, drew up, closed with the favourite at the post, and made a dead-heat of it; bad third. The stakes were subsequently divided, and Lady of the Lea walked over.

PROBABLE STARTERS FOR THE LIVERPOOL GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE.

Horse.	age	st	lb	Sire.	Dam.	Jockey.
Defence	a	11	11	Defender	Augur mare	Mr. Thomas.
Mstr. Mowbray	a	11	11	Mowbray	Footstoolm.	G. Holman.
Congress	a	11	8	Compromise	Countess	Mr. E. P. Wilson.
Chandos	6	11	7	Oxford	Isis's dam	Jewitt.
Victoire	a	11	6	Monarque	Nuncia	Mr. Crawshaw.
Clonave	a	11	5	Mainstay	Crystal	Mr. G. Moore.
Regal	5	11	3	Sauterier	Regalia	J. Cannon.
Pathfinder	a	11	0	Mogador	ped. unknown	W. Reeves.
Jackal	a	11	0	Caterer	Magiore	Marsh.
Palm	a	11	0	W. Australian	Sabine	Mr. Barnes.
Shifnal	a	10	13	Saccharometer	Countess Amy	R. P. Anson.
Gamebird	a	10	12	Grouse	Nannie	J. Adams.
Liberator	a	10	11	Dan. O'Connell	Mary O'Toole	T. Ryan.
Zero	6	10	10	Asteroid	N-minus-1	Mr. Roliv.
Gazelle	5	10	9	The Drake	Ldy Lawrence	Mr. Flutt.
Chimney Sweep	a	10	8	Planet	ped. unknown	J. Jones.
Thyra	6	10	6	Tim Whiffler	Jolly Boat	Mr. Dalglish.
Solon	a	10	6	Bro to Stratford	Draco's dam	W. Daniels.
Spray	6	10	2	Knight of St. Patrick	Niagara	Cunningam.
Rye	6	10	0	Brown Bread	Tartlet	G. Waddington.

BETTING ON THE COURSE.

GRAND NATIONAL.	
500 to 100	agst Chandos (taken).
10 to 1	Palm (offered).
100 to 9	Defence (offered).
100 to 8	Master Mowbray (taken freely).
100 to 8	Pathfinder (taken freely).
100 to 6	Jackal (offered; 20 to 1 taken freely).
13 to 1	Zero (taken).
20 to 1	Liberator (taken).
20 to 1	Rye (taken).
1000 to 50	Clonave (taken, after 1000 to 30 and 1000 to 40 had been laid).
20 to 1	Gazelle (taken).
500 to 20	Gamebird (taken).
500 to 20	Regal (taken).
25 to 1	Chimney Sweep (taken).

LONDON BETTING ON THURSDAY.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.	
20 to 1	agst Brigg Boy (taken and wanted).
25 to 1	Thunder (offered).
1000 to 30	Thunder with a start (taken).
DERBY.	
700 to 100	agst Skylark (taken).

THE QUEEN'S BAYS' STEEPLECHASES will take place at Newbridge, over the Cornets' Court Course on April 7.

SUSPENSION OF A GENTLEMAN RIDER.—At the Southwold Hunt Steeplechases, on March 9, Mr. Laxton was reported for riding Little Johnny suspiciously, and yesterday he was brought before the stewards at Lincoln, and that body suspended him from riding until April 2.

QUEENSTOWN (IRELAND) RACES.—Friday, March 17.—Results: Drag Hunt: Mr. R. Smith's Tyrone, by Drumour (dam's pedigree unknown), and Mr. Roberts's Spite (pedigree unknown) ran a dead-heat; Prestige, third. Thirteen ran. Open Handicap: Mr. T. H. Croft's Sister to Rathorn, by Shanbally out of Credit, first; Negresse, second; Mr. Brown, third. Six ran. Won by a length. Pick-Me-Up Race: Mr. Croft's Dungan, by Shanbally out of Credit, first; Sir Lucius, second; Bold Biennan, third. Ten ran. Won by a length. Two Farmers' Races were won respectively by Mr. E. Kirby's Young Woodman and Mr. Isaac Smythe's Irene.

NEW SHEFFIELD RACECOURSE was on Monday last the scene of a galloping match, between Broomhead's Polly and Escher's Deutschland, both of Sheffield, who ran one mile at catch-weight for £40. The betting at start was even, Deutschland for choice, and Deutschland won by ten lengths.

MUSKERRY DRAG HUNT (IRELAND) RACES will be held on Thursday, April 6.

BRAY AND COUNTY DUBLIN STEEPLECHASES have been fixed to take place on Wednesday, Aug. 8.

COUNTY LIMERICK HUNT (BANOGUE) STEEPLECHASES have been fixed for Wednesday, May 10.

COUNTY CAVAN HUNT RACES will be held this year at Killeshandra, probably on Easter Monday, April 17.

KILLULTAGH HUNT (IRELAND) RACES have been arranged to take place at Whinney Hill, near Lisburn, on Monday, April 10.

MEATH HUNT RACES AND STEEPLECHASES are announced to come off on Tuesday, May 2, over the Boyerstown course, within a mile of Navan.

The 7th Hussars hold their regimental steeplechases at Woodhouse, about three miles from Whitechurch station, on Wednesday, the 29th inst.

CHELTONHAM STEEPLECHASES.—Most satisfactory entries have been obtained for the Grand Annual Steeplechase, the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase, and the Hurdle-Race. Several hunters' stakes, &c., close on April 4.

THE ACCIDENT TO LANDBELL.—This French steeplechase jockey, who was so severely injured whilst riding Maravilla in the Prix du Vesinet, at Vesinet Steeplechases, on Thursday week, is progressing most favourably, though it has been found necessary to amputate the left ear.

THE BIRD, who fell in the Grand Military Hunt Cup Steeplechase, at Rugby, on the 17th, ricked his back, and had to be destroyed.

CRAWLER, who won the Scurry Steeplechase at Rugby, last Saturday, was objected to at the scale on the ground that his rider had no right to claim 3lb for his bridle. Rule 40 states that "it is optional for the jockey to weigh with his bridle, and the clerk of the scales will allow 1lb for a curb or double bridle," &c. After he had won, Mr. Johnstone brought the bridle and weighed in with it, drawing 13st, which was the horse's correct weight; but the owner of Northern Light alleges that it was contrary to racing law to weigh out without the bridle and claim 3lb for it, and the matter was referred to the Grand National Committee.

THE STEEPLECHASES OF THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE are arranged to take place at Sandown Park on Saturday, April 1, when seven military races will be placed on the card; all entries to close on Tuesday, March 28, to Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, clerks of the races and handicappers.

THE WENLOCK AND WHEATLAND HUNT MEETING is fixed for Wednesday, April 5, the day between the Wolverhampton and Knighton fixtures.

EDENBURGH STEEPLECHASES will be run on May 3.

CHELTONHAM SPRING STEEPLECHASES.—The Cotswold Harriers' Hunt Cup, two miles and a half, over the Cheltenham Steeplechase course, will be run for on the first day of the meeting, Thursday, April 20. The top weight will be 13st. Farmers' horses enter free. Horses bred by their owners are allowed 5lb; and entries close on April 13. On the second day, April 21, a three-mile match will be run over the same course between Sir Francis F. Ford's Nellie Carew, 5 yrs, and Captain Steed's Vaultier, aged; owners up; 12st 7lb each.

BRAY AND COUNTY DUBLIN DRAG HUNT STEEPLECHASES are arranged to take place on Wednesday, Aug. 9.

CRUYDON APRIL MEETING.—The following entries have been secured for the various closed stakes at this meeting:—First day—Surrey Grand Open Steeplechase, 24; the Woodside Plate, 30; Craydon Steeplechase Plate, 18; Grand Handicap Hurdle, 28; the Two-Year-Old Stakes, 6. Second day—Welter Cup, 19; Hurdle Handicap, 25.

SOUTHDOWN HUNT STEEPLECHASES.—For the Ringmer Meeting, on Wednesday next, the Sussex Open Handicap has 14 subs, the Open Hunters' Stakes 14, the Southdown Hunt Cup 12, the Sussex Stakes 9, and the Hunters' Plate 13.

Mr. THOMAS DAWSON is convalescent, we are glad to say, and, should the weather become more favourable, he will soon be able to take his breathers on Middleham Moor as usual.

HEALTH OF Mr. W. P. ANSON.—We regret to learn that Mr. W. P. Anson, sen., is suffering from an attack of congestion of the lungs. The weather in the north has been unusually severe, but it is to be hoped that, with mild weather, a speedy recovery awaits the owner and trainer of the celebrated Blink Bonny.

THE SCOTS GREYS' STEEPLECHASES were to take place on Friday, March 24.

CAMRUSLANG.—Mr. Jehnstone has sold Camruslang, and he leaves at once for Ireland as a stud horse.

MINOR CANON has returned to Messrs. Osborne's stables, Ashgill.

Mr. PITT, who won the Spencer Plate in 1867, was sold, last Wednesday, at Aldridge's for 25gs.

FORDH'S MOUNT IN THE DERBY will, it is said, be on All Heart.

THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON'S MOORHEN, it will be observed, ran third in the opening race, the Trial Stakes, at Lincoln, and finished second to Cupid in the first event, the Brockesby Trial Plate, on the second day. On Wednesday, after winning the Castle Selling Stakes, she was bought by Mr. T. Green for 200gs, being 160gs in excess of her conditional selling price.

THE DEATH OF Mr. JOHN WYATT is announced. He was well known in racing circles as the owner of Nutbourne, who broke down at Tattenham-corner while running very forward in the Derby of 1860—Thormanby's year. It will be remembered that Umpire, who was a prominent favourite, also ran. Previous to the race Mr. Wyatt objected to Umpire on the ground of age, but, on being called upon by the stewards to substantiate the charge, he withdrew the objection, and wrote the following letter of apology:—"Nutbourne, May 26, 1860. My Lords and Gentlemen,—I beg permission to withdraw the objection against Umpire lodged by me before the race for the Derby, and to express my regret for having made it. Being at the time in a state of some excitement as the owner of a favourite horse in the race, I did not sufficiently consider that the question of Umpire's age had been previously disposed of to the satisfaction of the proper authorities. I wish to offer the fullest apology to Mr. Ten Broeck for having made the protest, and to assure him of my conviction that the objection made by me was entirely groundless.—I have the honour to be your humble servant (signed), JOHN WYATT. To the Stewards of Epsom Races." Mr. Wyatt died by his own hand a few days ago.

THE WINNER OF THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP.—Controversy was bred by Mr. H. Ashton, at the Low Street Stud Farm, and, although advertised to be sold during the Doncaster week of 1872, the colt was withdrawn and placed under the care of Messrs. Osborne at Middleham. His first appearance as a two-year-old was in the Speculation Plate at Pontefract, when, running as the property of Mr. "Johns" (the assumed name of Mr. John Osborne), he was the only opponent to Little Emma, who won by a length. On the following day only two contested the Innkeepers' Plate, when Controversy, in receipt of 45lb from Premier Argonaut, won by a length, and was sold to Mr. Green for the small sum of 32gs. Entered to be sold for £30, the colt finished second to Excavator for a Selling Stakes at Ripon, when he was claimed by Mr. T. Lunn, for whom he won the Juvenile Stakes at Edinburgh, upsetting a strong favourite in Greenwood, and followed up this success by winning the Sportsmen's Nursery the next day, beating Sir Arthur, Rokeby, and five others. Controversy then journeyed on to Kelso, where he won a Nursery Handicap, beating three others; but in the Broom-mouth Nursery, on the following day, when attempting to concede 23lb to Wild Murtagh, he suffered defeat by a head, after which he retired for the season. As a three-year-old Controversy ran as the property of Mr. A. Young, for whom he ran four losing races, and then won the Town Plate at the Newcastle Autumn Meeting, beating a field of thirteen horses, Louise of Lorne, who was giving 33lb, being second. Last year Controversy (6st 10lb) commenced the season by running third to Innishowen (5st 7lb) and Marie Stuart (8st 12lb) for the Manchester Cup, thirteen others being in the rear; and at the same meeting he was beaten three quarters of a length by Redcar for the Salford Borough Cup. At the Newton Summer Meeting Controversy easily won the Manor Cup from Berryfield, Uncle Tom, and Shy Girl; but the next day he was again unfortunate in running second for the Great Newton Cup, which Anchorite won by a neck. His next appearance was at Newcastle in June, when, heavily backed, he carried off the Members' Plate, but was unsuccessful in the Newcastle Handicap. For the Liverpool Plate of 500 sovs Controversy (7st 4lb) ran second to Fraulein (8st 4lb), Mintdrop (6st 3lb) being third; after which he passed into the hands of Mr. J. Danby, who sent him to Messrs. Osborne, at Ashgill, where he was trained for his autumn engagements; but these were of little importance, and his last success was in the Border Handicap at Kelso, beating Mars, Equanimity, and Fontarabian. Controversy ran twice at the Newcastle Autumn Meeting without success, and his last appearance in public previous to Wednesday last was running third to Young Sydmonton and Conseil for the Hawkestone Welter Cup at Shrewsbury. In January last Mr. Danby entered Controversy in the Lincoln Handicap; but Lord Rosebery, requiring something to lead his Derby candidates, purchased the horse, the price paid being (on dit) £800.

ON A LEE-SHORE.

THE page illustration illustrating with artistic power one of the dangers most feared by mariners—that of being cast on a lee-shore—appeals to the imagination of landsmen with heightened effect, from the fact that there lingers fresh in our memories the tale of disasters wrought by the recent severe gales. One of the latest of these lamentable shipwrecks is thus tersely recorded in Lloyd's List:—

Penzance, March 20. At midnight, on Saturday, strong northerly gale and heavy sea. A light was seen approaching St. Ives Pier; men on watch ran to the pier-head; saw a boat with several men in her; but when she arrived within 100 yards of the pier a heavy sea struck and capsized her, all hands drowned; four bodies have since been washed ashore, also a broken boat. In searching along the shore found a steamer ashore one mile west of St. Ives, with lights burning. The coastguard fired a rocket line over her but no one was found on board. It proved to be the Isabel, s., of La Rochelle, in ballast; at ten this morning she broke up.

Had but a few more life-boats been stationed on the rock-bound coast of Cornwall—perhaps the most terrible lee-shore in England—peradventure some if not all of the crew of the Isabel might have been saved. The gallant services rendered by our brave life-boat men were prominently brought before the public at the annual meeting of the National Life-Boat Institution, held on Tuesday last at the London Tavern, under the chairmanship of Earl Percy. Mr. Richard Lewis, secretary of the institution, stated that during the past year the institution's life-boats, which are 254 in number, had saved 727 persons, nearly the whole of them under perilous circumstances, when ordinary boats could not have been employed without extreme risk to those on board them. During the past year twelve silver medals, eighteen votes of thanks inscribed on vellum, and £3289 had been granted by the society for saving 727 lives by life-boats and 195 lives by fishing-boats and other means. The number of lives saved, from its first establishment to the present time, either by its life-boats or by special exertions for which it had granted rewards, was 23,790. The

total amount of the receipts during the year had been £39,835 15s. 4d., and of that sum £12,932 9s. 6d. was the result of special gifts to defray the cost of thirteen life-boats. The expenditure, including liabilities, amounted to £39,495. We may add, for the benefit of those of our readers who may wish to help forward the good work of saving sailors from the perils of a lee-shore that the office of the National Life-Boat Institution is at 14, John-street, Adelphi, London.

Chess.

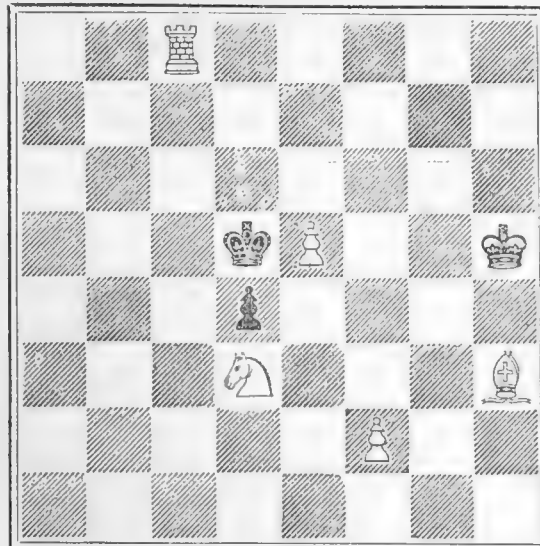
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I S T, SCOTIA, J R, II PINDER.—Owing to the indisposition of the Chess Editor, our last week's Problem went to press without having been revised.

PROBLEM No. 92.

By A. TOWNSEND, Newport.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played at Clifton, in the match just concluded, between Messrs. THOROLD and MINCHIN, the former giving the odds of Pawn and move.

GAME XVI.

(Remove Black's King's Bishop's Pawn.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4	Q Kt to B 3	21. Kt to Q Kt 3	Kt takes B
2. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	22. P takes Kt	Q to Q 6
3. P to K 5	B to K B 4	23. R to K B 3	K to Kt 2 (c)
4. P to Q B 3	Q to Q 2	24. Q R to Q B sq (d)	Q to Kt 3
5. B to Q 3	Castles	25. P to Q R 3	Kt to Q sq
6. B takes B	Q takes B	26. P to Q B 4	P takes P
7. Q to K B 3	Q to Kt 3	27. R takes P	Kt to K B 2
8. K Kt to R 3	P to K R 4	28. Q to Kt 2	K to Kt sq
9. Castles	P to K 3	29. R takes Kt	Q takes R
10. Kt to B 4	Q to B 2	30. P to K R 3	Q to Kt 3
11. Q to R 3	R to R 3	31. P takes R (e)	P takes P (dis ch)
12. Kt to Q 3	R to Kt 3	32. Kt to Kt sq	Q to Q 6
13. B to K 3	Kt to R 3	33. Kt to R 2 (f)	R to B sq (ch)
14. Kt to Q 2	Kt to B 4	34. Kt to K sq	Q takes P (ch)
15. Kt to B 3 (a)	B to K 2	35. Kt to Q sq	R to B 6 (g)
16. K to R sq	R to Kt 5	36. Kt to B 2	P to Kt 4 (h)
17. P to K Kt 3	P to K Kt 4 (b)	37. R to B 6	R takes P
18. P to Q Kt 4	R to R sq	38. Q to K B sq	P to Q R 3
19. Kt to Q 2	Q to Kt 3	39. Q to B 7	B to Q sq
20. Kt to Q B 5	P to Q Kt 3	40. Q to Q 7, and wins.	

Coursing.

WITH the celebration of the Scottish National Meeting the coursing season will be virtually brought to a close, for, although there may be a few other meetings to run off, they are very minor affairs, and only of local interest. The meeting across the border should have commenced on Tuesday, but the terribly adverse weather that has played such sad havoc with so many important fixtures this winter exerted its baneful influence so effectually that a postponement till to-day was rendered necessary. Should the severe frost and snow still remain in force the fixture will be transferred to next week, in which case all the preliminaries of entry, draw, &c., are void under the National Coursing Club rules, and the details will have to be arranged afresh—old nominations very properly taking precedence over new applicants for an entry.

I never remember a season to have been so continually interrupted by the unfavourable elements to field sports, frost and snow; and even when these meteorologic allies were happily absent, the success of many good gatherings was marred by the unprecedented quantity of rain that fell. Under these untoward circumstances, therefore, it is not astonishing that, after looking over the records of the past, anyone conversant with the subject, should pronounce the season just dying out as one of the tamest and most uninteresting of modern coursing days. The abandonment of the Newmarket Champion Coursing Meeting, rendered necessary by the continuance of severe frost, was alone sufficient to affect the whole season most prejudicially, for the running at that celebrated coursing arena always exercises a most direct and important influence on the Waterloo Cup probabilities. The "Dog Derby," although threatened by the recurrence of frost, was luckily brought off to date, the serious complications that would have attended a lengthened postponement being averted by the break-up of the icy tyrant's iron rule almost on the eve of the first day of the battle of Waterloo. As I have remarked above in connection with the Scottish National, the rules which govern coursing make all entries, draws, and bets void if a meeting cannot be commenced within the week in which was the original entry; but the exigencies of the Waterloo Cup associations were considered so important that a special clause to govern it was proposed and became law a few years ago. By virtue of this rule, all the preliminaries of the blue ribbon of the leash remain intact, no matter how long and continuous adverse weather may render the postponement necessary. This arrangement was most urgently demanded when the public interest in the event became so widely disseminated, and speculation on it, as a natural consequence, so very heavy and extended. For the generality of meetings the old law is decidedly beneficial and equitable, as endless difficulties and confusion would result without this necessary restriction. The stewards, of course, have the power to institute another fixture; but it is generally wise policy to abandon a meeting thus interfered with altogether. This was powerfully exemplified in connection with the Newmarket gathering in January, instituted to take the place of the original one, and, I presume, as some recompense

for the local disappointment occasioned by the abandoned Champion fixture. Notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts, however, the affair was a failure, and frost prevented the programme being completed.

As one of our important branches of essentially English sport, coursing is undoubtedly in a most flourishing condition; and the apparent decline in popularity, which the records of the season seem to point to, is really attributable to the interference of the extraordinary winter we have had to endure, rather than to any want of vitality in the sport or falling off of influential patrons of the leash. Public coursers were never before more numerous, the breeding of greyhounds more extensively carried on, or the prices obtainable for well-bred and promising sapplings more remunerative. These are conclusive proofs that coursing is not on the wane, and the progress the sport is making in the colonies is especially gratifying to those who have the welfare of the leash at heart. Australia is especially prominent in promoting coursing; and so much energy and determination to have the best tackle is exhibited by the sportsmen of the "fifth continent" that unlimited commissions are constantly sent here to purchase the best strains of blood in the mother country. As an additional instance of the spirit and enterprise with which the

extension of coursing in Australia is associated, it may be mentioned that sufficiently tempting offers have been made to induce English judges to make the long journey to fill that important and onerous capacity during the colonial coursing season. Mr. Warwick had a most successful season there, and he speaks in the highest terms of the firm position his favourite pastime—of which he is an enthusiastic lover as well as a good and most impartial judge—has taken, with every prospect of increased development.

The coursing during the campaign which is fast drawing to a close has, generally speaking, been of a tame and uninteresting description, and decidedly below the usual standard; while the puppies in the aggregate have proved to be a moderate lot. Two of them, Huron and the Squatter, certainly succeeded in getting into the last four for the Waterloo Cup, but both were beaten by old greyhounds, in Donald and Lord Glendyne, the winner and runner-up, although the defeat of Huron was undoubtedly somewhat unlucky. Wellingtonia and Handicraft managed to carry off the Waterloo Purse and Plate meritoriously; but several of those who were pronounced to be "wonders" when spoken of in connection with the highest honours of the leash—notably, King David, Greenburn, and Hematite—displayed very indifferent form in the

actual contest. If somewhat behind its predecessors in positive merit and great public interest, the surroundings of this year's Waterloo Cup were certainly of a very sensational and notable character, the defeat of nearly all the most fancied candidates on the opening day, the tremendously hot favourite Honeymoon became after winning three courses, and her unexpected overthrow in the fourth round by her kennel-companion Donald, being sufficient to render the meeting memorable for many years to come. It was essentially an outsiders' year; for against the last four, even when they had won two courses each, very long and most disproportionate odds were offered, such a "certainty" was the event regarded for last year's heroine, Honeymoon. If Ireland was unlucky in Honeymoon being beaten, they had a worthy champion left to do battle in Donald, who won the deciding course—one of the best trials ever seen for the finish of the Waterloo Cup—in the grandest style imaginable; and it was a remarkable instance of good fortune that the same kennel should supply two candidates both capable of winning the much-coveted prize. Honeymoon is unquestionably a better greyhound than the winner; for she was put out in a most unlucky spin, and had always displayed her superiority at home in every way. That she is one of the grandest bitches ever



"TARQUIN," THE CHAMPION BULL-TERRIER OF THE WORLD.
(THE PROPERTY OF VERO SHAW, ESQ.)

slipped at Altcar none but the most prejudiced individuals will deny, and that excellent judge of coursing, Mr. W. H. Clark, the eminent Yorkshire greyhound-breeder, will not regret having purchased her, large as was the sum (£500), with certain contingencies, he gave for her. Should she progress well after having a litter of whelps she will run in next year's Waterloo Cup, and in anticipation of her doing so Mr. Clark has already backed his nomination to win a large stake, in addition to investing on her outright and making a big bet that she absolutely started a greater favourite than she did this time, when 11 to 2 was the price offered against her. These transactions show what her present owner thinks of her merit and quality; and, whatever may be her fate, I am quite content to retain my opinion that she is the best Waterloo greyhound I have seen since Master M'Grath won his third great victory over the Altcar ditches. Before taking leave of the Waterloo Cup, I cannot refrain from calling attention to the admirable picture of the prominent runners at the meeting which appeared in the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS of Feb. 25. The portraits of the greyhounds were admirably rendered, and there was a lifelike, vigorous air about the illustration beyond all praise. Taken altogether, that the season has been a very uninteresting one there can be no question, as compared with many former ones; but there is no reason to bewail any downward tendency in the sport as a great national institution.

There was ample cause for the apathy displayed, owners being very naturally dispirited by the continuous interference from adverse weather, which not only spoilt a great many

meetings but rendered training operations of the most precarious description. Nearly every meeting of importance suffered in consequence to a greater or less degree, and, when we look back at the many irritating elementary oppositions, it is really a remarkable proof of the vitality of the sport that the season should have proved to be so successful as it was. However, we must look hopefully forward to an improvement next winter; and, with every confidence that such will be the case, I can take leave of the present season without wearying my readers with an extended recapitulation of performances that were really of only passing interest at the time.

Thursday night.

BRIGADIER.

"TARQUIN."

TARQUIN, the subject of our illustration, can truthfully be described as the champion bull-terrier dog of the world; for since the death by poison of his sire, Young Victor, well known as the "patched dog," Tarquin stands unrivalled. He is a pure white dog, weighing 44lb, most symmetrical in form, and with all the attributes of a first-class modern bull-terrier. He is longer in the face and wider round the skull than his sire was, and it is only hypercritics who could find the semblance of a fault with him. Although a master at his work, and game to death, Tarquin is quite a gentleman, free from all the meddling habits of vulgar mongrels. He is quite companionable, a perfect guard and night dog, and thoroughly under control, will retrieve and carry any distance, and will take the water like a duck.

Tarquin (2776 in the Kennel Club Stud Book) was born in 1873, and is by Young Victor, out of Puss by Gambler (2737), out of Young Puss, and was bred by Mr. Charles Louis Boyce, of Balsall Heath, near Birmingham, from whom he was purchased by his present owner, Mr. Vero Shaw. The following are some of his winnings at the principal shows:—

- First, Wolverhampton, 1874, 1875, and 1876.
- First, King's Lynn, 1874.
- First, Northampton, 1874.
- First, Preston, 1874.
- First, Darlington (beating Young Victor), 1874.
- First, Birmingham, 1874 and 1875.
- First, Nottingham, 1875.
- First, Moreton-in-the-Marsh, 1875.
- First, Alexandra Palace, 1875.
- Second, Manchester, 1874 (beaten by his sire, Young Victor).

MAIDSTONE DOG SHOW.—The schedule of this show has come to hand, and it gives us much pleasure to call the attention of our readers to the many excellent features that distinguish it from the common run of prize lists. We especially allude to the single-judge system which is to be carried out here; and to the novel institution of water-dog trials, which cannot fail to be of interest to spectators, and at the same time prove the means of encouraging owners to educate their dogs to emulate Sir Edwin Landseer's "Distinguished Member of the Humane Society." The prizes are many and liberal. All particulars can be had of Mr. J. H. Nutt, West Borough, Maidstone, and entries close April 15.

Our Captious Critic.



"Success is the surest proof of dramatic merit. This play appeals to all who are fond of

Good,
Stirring,
Brilliant,
Romantic,
Poetic,
Drama."

Vide Mr. Henry Neville's advertisement in the daily newspapers to

THE GASCON.

TABLEAU I.—GOOD.

Artaban de Puycadere.

The people take me for a merry-andrew; but I am the Gascon. A gay, reckless, handsome dog am I, of the type most beloved by maidens of a romantic turn to whom my photograph is not unknown. It's all very well to talk of your witty, cynical comedies, but what most attracts the general public is a good romantic drama of the old sort, with plenty of love-making and fighting. A hero in modern costume is no hero. Slashed doublets and plumed hats are more effective dramatic properties than subtle soliloquies or witty repartee.

Enter Landlord of the Golden Sun.

Landlord.

What would your Excellency be pleased to have?

Artaban (aside.)

After the manner of landlords, he takes me for a nobleman because I am shabbily dressed. (Aloud.) Fellow, I will have everything you have got.

Landlord.

Well, your Highness, I have got a very nice pasteboard-pie, an exquisite papiermâché chicken. Our property-man is an unrivalled chef.

Artaban.

Have you got any glue-pot soup?



"In this shadow I will wait for him and a-kill him!"

Landlord.
I can get some from the paint-room directly, my Lord.

Artaban.

Avaunt, then, and prepare our banquet. (Exit Landlord.)
And I have not a sou to pay for it withal. But this is a romantic drama, and there are some well-filled purses sure to be dropping down out of the sky. (Sits.)

Enter Tomassin, with purse.

Tomassin (aside).

I am a merry-andrew. Since the beginning of the piece I have made such a large fortune by play-acting that I will e'en seek a more respectable walk of life. (Sees Artaban.) There is a wealthy noble. I know that he is wealthy because he hath a ragged doublet and a wooden sword. I will take service with him. Noble Sir, I wish to place myself and fortune at your service.

Artaban.

I take thee at thy word. Give yon flower-wench a crown.

Thomassin.

A most wealthy noble! I'll make a note of it.

Enter Chastelard.

Artaban.

Ha! here comes my dearest friend. What a pity I have no need to borrow money of him!

Chastelard.

My friend, I love the Queen of Scotland. I have written some bad verses to her. I want you to introduce me.

Artaban.

I am not acquainted with the lady myself; but, judging from recent history, she must be a person of such easy virtue that I doubt not I shall obtain instant access to her. Consider it done, my boy.

Chastelard.

Let's away without delay.

Artaban.

Not so fast, Master Poet. I have yet to fight a duel with a wooden sword—to pretend to be wounded, and win the love of Mary Carmichael, who is already engaged to another man. We shall meet in the next tableau. Till then, adieu!

Chastelard.

Ta-ta.

[Exeunt severally.]



Scene from "The Gascon"
with apologies to Mr. Boucicault.

TABLEAU II.—STIRRING.

Artaban.

I have not had the honour to be introduced to your Majesty, but I know you. I've read of your little goings on, and so have taken the liberty, if it please your Majesty, to—

Marie Stuart.

Sure and niver mintion it. Y'are a foine loikely lookin' broth of a boy, and it's deloighted I am to see ye.

Artaban.

Would you have any objection to my introducing a friend?

Marie Stuart.

Divil a bit if he's as handsome as yerself. Niver shall it be said that Mary Queen of Scots gave the cowl'd shouldher to any young man. Where is yer frind?

Artaban.

Behind yon tree. I'll fetch him. Hi! Chastelard!

Enter Chastelard.

Marie Stuart (aside).

Troth, it's himself!

Chastelard.

Marie, my Queen, I love you with a poet's love!

Marie Stuart.

I don't loike potes as a rule; but, bedad! I can't help bein' a bit spooney on you.

Chastelard.

And wilt thou e'er forget me?

Marie Stuart.

Well, listen here! I may sometimes pretend not to know ye in company, because there's a lot of spyin' spalpeens about the Court, ye know. As Queen I may appear forgetful, as Marie Stuart I will remember.

Artaban (to Chastelard).

Well, how did you succeed?

Chastelard.

Beyond my wildest hopes.



Mr. Henry Neville as
The Gascon—from a rare
print in a contemporary.

Enter Emissary of Queen Elizabeth.

Emissary of Q.E.

Queen of Scots, my Royal Mistress commands you to marry the Urrl of Luster. Will ye do it.

Marie Stuart.

Niver, be the powers, niver!

Emissary of Q.E.

Then will I proclaim war against Scotland.

[Throws down gage.]

Marie Stuart.

Give me compliments to Queen Elizabeth, and tell her that I fling her offer in her teeth. Boys, won't ye foight fur me?

All.

We will!

Marie Stuart (to Artaban).

Take up his dirty glove and give it him. Ha, ha!

TABLEAU III.—BRILLIANT.

The rocky road to Holyrood. Property pistol of base assassin misses fire. General excitement. Knightly devotion, &c.

TABLEAU IV.—ROMANTIC.

The incidents of this tableau are of a highly romantic character. Artaban de Puycadere proves himself the excellent actor which you have known him to be during the preceding tableaux. The incidents herein throw a new light upon history. The day will come when a remote posterity, that has forgotten Froude and Dixon, and would willingly recall the Gascon, shall sigh in vain for the revival of the romantic drama. Already Anne Boleyn has died the death. Alas, 'tis to be feared the days of chivalry are indeed past! (I beg your pardon, but the fact is I forget what occurs in this tableau).

TABLEAU V.—POETIC.

Chastelard (under Marie's window).

Spirit of Swinburne the sensuous, animate my soul with the



Love passage between Chastelard
and Queen Mary—
shade of Swinburne—"Bless you, bless
you my children"

ardour of amorous adulation that I may apostrophise aptly my adored one!

SERENADE.

Siddons the great, O'Neill divine,
Once queens of tragedy,
Must now their laurel crowns resign
To thee, my queen, to thee!

Their stately style was cold, I trow,
Compared with what they'd see,
Could to Olympic shrine they go—
To thee, my queen, to thee!

If they a temperance begat,
And Nature's modesty
O'erstept not—what the deuce is that
To thee, my queen, to thee?

Marie (leaning out of window).

Jool of me heart, the polis is afther ye! Come up here quick or ye'll be kilt entirely.

[Chastelard goes into Palace.

TABLEAU VI.—DRAMA.

Marie Stuart.

Are ye safe me darlin?

Chastelard.

Yes; they're killing Artaban instead.

Marie Stuart (fondly).

I know it's naughty of me to love ye, but it's so nice, my sojer-pote!

Chastelard.

My Queen, let me embrace thee! Let me imprint upon thy lustrous lips—(grapples with her).

Marie Stuart.

Ah! get away, ye bould flirt!

Chastelard (pouting).

Oh, very well then, I'll jump out of the window (Proceeds to jump out of window).

Marie Stuart (dragging him back by coat-tails).

No, no. Come back; come back. Take me; kiss me if you will. I love thee! I love thee!

Chastelard.

Hark! The palace is surrounded. We are lost! Lost!

Marie Stuart.

Oh, surely not. This is a romantic drama; there must be a secret passage somewhere. Eureka! There is! There is! Saved!

Curtain.

P.S.—There are a few other details in the drama which space will not allow me to present to you. Imaginative reader here is little need.

STUD NEWS.

At Elsham Hall Paddocks, March 8, Sir J. D. Astley's Decolletée, by Marsyas—Gossamer, a bay filly by Caterer, and has been put to Broomielaw; 9th, Nightingale, a bay or brown colt by Salvano, and has been put to him again. Also to Salvano: Elsham Lass, barren to him; and Elmira, barren to Broomielaw.

The colt foal by Broomielaw—Melody died on Feb. 13.

Baumber Park.—Arrived to Suffolk: Mr. Clarke's Penelope, having slipped twins to Merry Sunshine; Mr. J. Godson's Lucille, maiden; Mr. Thorold's Marmora, maiden; Mr. Floyer's Allington, barren; Mr. Hinde's Hon. Miss Ellis, by Loiterer out of Lord Clifden's dam.

At Buckland Court, on March 5, Mr. H. Waring's Crucifixion, a bay filly by King of the Forest; the Stud Company's Mrs. Naggleton, a filly by Blair Athol; both the above mares will be put to King of the Forest.

At Mentmore, March 2, the Mentmore Stud's Marsworth's dam, a chestnut colt by King Tom, and will be put to him again; on the same day, Lord Rosslyn's Ravenswing, a bay filly by Kingcraft, and will be put to Macaroni; March 9, the Mentmore Stud's Mrs. Lincoln, a chestnut filly by King Tom, and will be put to him again; March 11, Sir Tatton Sykes's Marigold, a chestnut colt by King Tom, and will be put to him again; March 12, Lord Falmouth's Zingarella, a bay filly by Young Dutchman, and will be put to Macaroni; March 13, the Mentmore Stud's Chopette, a chestnut colt by King Tom, and will be put to him again; March 14, Baron Rothschild's Emu, a chestnut colt by Favonius, and will be put to him again; on the same day, Mr. Houldsworth's Miss Marion, a chestnut filly by Adventurer, and will be put to Favonius; on the same day, Mr. Waring's Woodbine, a bay colt by Macaroni, and will be put to Favonius; March 15, Baron Rothschild's Gondola, a bay colt by Restitution, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Macaroni: Lord Rosslyn's Jessica, Feronia, and Evergreen Pine; Mr. Gibson's Pill Box and Queen of Scots; and Lord Falmouth's Silver Ring, with a chestnut colt by Adventurer. To Favonius: Lord Rosslyn's Retreat and Chancery, and Mr. Sothorn's Ada Byron. To Restitution: Lord Rosslyn's Tripaway, and Mr. Sothorn's Bliss and Magnolia.

At Water Tower Stud Farm, Rugby, Vocalist, by Trumpeter, a chestnut colt by Thunderer, and Free Kirk, by Blair Athol out of Schism, a brown filly by Atherstone. Both mares will be put to John Davis, to whom have also arrived Belle of Kars, by Knight of Kars out of Perfidious, in foal to Winslow; mare by Flash in the Pan out of Lizzie; Campanile, by Stockwell out of Florence; and mare by Fandango, dam by Sleight of Hand, barren to Winslow. To Mogador: Cigarette, by Artillery, and Mrs. Horniblow, by Toxophilite out of Atonement.

At Sandgate Stud Farm, Feb. 4, Fog, by Macaroni, a brown colt by Rosicrucian, and will be put to Siderolite; on the 5th, Cochineal, by Sweetmeat, a bay filly by Caterer, and will be put to Spennithorne; on the 10th, Teeswater, by Stockwell, a chestnut filly by Master Richard, and will be put to Holy Friar; on the 13th, Sedella, by Dundee, a bay colt by Strathay, and will be put to Holy Friar; on the 14th, Mr. Etches's Mangosteent, by Knight of Kars, a brown colt by Broomielaw, and will be put to Holy Friar. Arrived to Holy Friar: Mr. R. Porter's Princess Alice (dam of Challenge and King William), with a colt foal by Trumpeter; and Mr. Etches's Mangosteent. To Siderolite: Mr. C. Combes's Lady Hilda, by Young Melbourne or Mentmore, dam by Celia; and Barcelona, by Thormanby, in foal to Caterer. Left for Mentmore: Pillbox and Queen of Scots, to be put to Macaroni.

At Eaton Stud Farm, on March 11, from Hampton Court, her Majesty's Perriwig, a colt foal by Y. Melbourne, and will be put to Doncaster; on March 12, Mr. Chaplin's Chanoinesse, a colt foal by Blair Athol, and will be put to Doncaster; on March 13, the Duke of Westminster's Flippant, a colt foal by Knight of the Garter, and will be put to Doncaster.

At Blink Bonny Stud Farm, Malton, on March 5, Mr. W. T'Anson's Bonny May (by Newminster out of Bonny Bell),

dead twins to Mandrake, and will be put to The Palmer; on March 14, his Bobbin Around, a bay colt by Speculum, and will be put to him again.

At Sheffield Lane Paddocks, Sheffield, on March 9, Mr. Bibby's Stockade, a bay filly by Pretender, and will be put to Mandrake; on the 12th, Mr. J. Johnstone's Minaret, a brown filly by Adventurer, and will be put to him again; on the 14th, his Dame Marion, a chestnut colt by Scottish Chief, and will be put to Adventurer, to whom have arrived Mr. Houldsworth's Lioness and his Niobe, both in foal to Scottish Chief.

At Aske Stud Farm, on March 9, Mr. Williamson's Lulu (by Voltigeur, dam by Buccaneer), a chestnut colt foal by Albert Victor; on the 13th, Mr. Cartwright's mare by Ely out of Tarnish, a colt foal by Albert Victor. Both are good foals, and the first produce of their respective dams. The mares will be again put to Albert Victor.

Moorlands Stud Farm, near York.—On March 16, the Earl of Rosslyn's The Gift, by St. Albans, a chestnut-roan filly by Warrior, and will be put to Knight of the Garter; March 20, Lord Norrey's mare by Knowsley, a bay filly by Sorcerer, and will be put to Knight of the Garter, to whom will be put Mr. Cookson's Lady Macdonald, by Lord of the Isles (dam of Brigantine), in foal to Speculum; and his Maggiore, by Le Compte (dam of Como, &c.), also in foal to Speculum. The following additional mares have also arrived to Knight of the Garter: Mr. Dixon's Taw, by Cathedral, with filly at foot by Palmer; Mr. Robinson's Vindictive, by Vindex, barren; Captain Vyner's Sophia, by Macaroni, with foal at foot by Martyrdom; and Mr. M. Brown's Sister to Restless, by Bread-albane, in foal to Knight of the Garter. To King Lud: Mr. Newcomen's Soufflé, by Macaroni, with colt at foot by Ripponden; and Mr. Thompson's Memento, by Stockwell (dam of Keepsake), in foal to Speculum. To Speculum: Mr. M. Brown's May Queen, by Kettledrum (dam of Merry May), in foal to Knight of the Garter; and Mr. Thompson's Cornu, by Trumpeter, in foal to Speculum. To Martyrdom: Mr. J. M. Brook's Sunbeam, by Chanticleer (winner of Doncaster St. Leger, &c., and dam of Sunshine), and his Shrew, by Rataplan out of Amazon, by Touchstone, both barren; Mr. Ward's mare, by Warlock out of Lunette, by Touchstone, barren; and Mr. Dawney's grey mare, with foal at foot by Martyrdom.

Newbridge-hill Stud Farm, Bath.—March 12, Volhynia, a chestnut filly (dead), to Claudius, and will be put to Asteroid; Mr. Proctor Baker's Delilah, by Touchstone, a chestnut colt by Winslow (March 15), and will be put to Asteroid. Arrived to Asteroid: Mr. Dora's Kenneth, with a colt foal by Atherstone, and his Star of the East, in foal to Atherstone; Mr. Bankes's Apollinaris, by Lord Clifden (maiden); Mr. Henry Freeman's Lovelock, by Lord Clifden out of Vergiss-Mein-Nicht—Ladylove's dam—(maiden); Mr. Hargrave's two mares, in foal to Wildmoor. Arrived to Claudius: Dr. Fox's mare (barren). Mr. Hargrave's fourmares (barren). Arrived to Bête Noire: Mr. H. Kemble's grey mare (maiden).

Park Paddocks, Newmarket: March 2, Mr. Lowther's The Rover's Daughter, a bay filly, by Strathconan; March 14, Mr. Snewing's Clementina, a bay filly, by Sundeeah; March 6, Mr. Betts's Maria, a bay filly, by Gladiateur; March 18, Mr. Lowther's Emma, bay colt, by The Rake. The above mares are to be put to Kingcraft. Also arrived to Kingcraft: Mr. Snewing's Eleonora, with a chestnut filly by Sundeeah; Lord Lovelace's Lady Louisa, barren; also his bay filly by Brahma out of Wild Thyme, maiden; and Mr. Waters's Florence, by Florin, bred in France, in foal to Kingcraft.

At Woodlands Stud, one mile from Knitsley Station, county Durham. In January: Arrived to Macgregor: Captain Bayley's Thormanby mare, in foal to Tibthorpe; Jessamine (dam of Garland), by Knight of St. Patrick, in foal to Winslow; Dinner-Bell, by Belladrum out of Mrs. Acton, maiden; Mr. W. H. Scott's Blair Brae by Blair Athol, in foal to Suffolk; and Claret mare, in foal to Glenlyon; Mr. A. Harrison's Changeable (dam of Weathercock), by Weatherbit, with filly foal by Knight of the Garter; and Bonnie Roe (dam of South Bark, by Thormanby, with filly foal by Strathconan; Mr. Etches's Cheesecake (by Sweetmeat), barren to Favonius; Etoile du Nord (dam of King's Lynn, &c.), by Touchstone, with filly by Ranger; Mr. John Chapman's Influence, by Underhand, with colt by Macgregor; Mr. Van Haansbergen's Isabel (dam of St. Vincent), by Hobbie Noble, with colt by Macgregor; Moorgame (dam of Pilot), by Gameboy, barren to Rake; Mr. James Cookson's Sideview (dam of Bull's-eye), by Diophantus, with foal by Palmer; Mr. C. Ashton's Little Savage (dam of White Slave), barren; Mr. Percy E. Nugent's Pinesse, by Caractacus (from Ireland); Mr. Frizzle's Saunterer mare; Mr. Featherstone's Princess Craggs, by Stentor; Mr. Van Haansbergen's Maggie (Activity's dam), in foal to Macgregor; July (dam of Harmonides, &c.), in foal to Macgregor; Fascination, by Wild Dayrell out of Cannobie's dam, in foal to Macgregor; King's Daughter, by King of Trumps, in foal to Rake; Jollity, by Jordan out of July, in foal to Siderolite; Policy, by Voltigeur out of Spinster, in foal to Idus; Denura, by Master Bagot. Arrived to Idus: Mr. A. E. Burdon's Miss Ethel, by Kingfisher, in foal to Stentor; Mr. Van Haansbergen's Nebula, by Longbow, in foal to Macgregor; Miss Tatton, by Neptunus, in foal to Moldavia; Queen of the May (dam of Jack-in-the-Green), barren to King of Scots; Mr. H. T. Annett, junior's, Lady Graham (dam of Sapling), by Yellow Jack; Leprosy (dam of Bête Noir), by Mildew; All Right, by Kingston; Palm Leaf, by Ratan; Etheldreda, by Dundee. Arrived to Stentor: Rev. A. Duncombe Shafto's Minna (dam of Lamp-lighter), by Buccaneer, with foal to Stentor; Mr. J. W. Annett's Emerald (dam of Snowdrop), by Tanais, with colt by Stentor; Mr. Van Haansbergen's Arabella, by Fandango, out of Lecturer's dam, in foal to Stentor; Lady Lyon, by Skirmisher, in foal to Stentor; Mr. J. Colpitt's Annabel (by Mandrake), maiden; Debate (by Prime Minister out of Summerside), maiden; mare by Oxford out of Similax: Mr. Featherstone's Maid of Benwell (by Neptunus out of Lady Louisa), with filly by Idus; Mr. Heslop's mare by Kettledrum; Mr. C. W. C. Henderson's h.-b. mare (dam of Stentor colt which won first prize at Durham Show), in foal to Idus. Latest arrivals: Mr. J. Christie's Wee Wifey (by Chatanooga out of Sultana, by Rataplan), to be put to Macgregor; Countess (by Voltigeur out of First Fly), to be put to Idus.

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK BY MESSRS. TATTERSALL.

Mr. J. N. Moore's stud of steeplechasers was the chief attraction at Albert-gate, on Monday last.

HUNTERS, THE PROPERTY OF MR. J. N. MOORE.

Hussar, ch. g., by Hesper, dam by Muley Molech	Bought in	145
Penbricke, b. g., by Richmond, dam by Langton	Bought in	400
Knight Teupner, b. g., by Knight of Kars	Bought in	
Ruby, b. h. (1871), by Abergeldie out of The Gem, by King of Trumps	Bought in	35

HUNTERS, THE PROPERTY OF MR. LANGHAM REED.

Kiowa	110	Indigo	175
Idol	160	Fandango	100

13 m. 6 yrs, by Vedette out of Strawberry, by the Flying Dutchman Mr. King | 44 |

Hunting.

THE Empress of Austria and the ex-King and Queen of Naples and suites were present at the meet of the Bicester hounds on Tuesday last, at Astrop House, near Banbury, the residence of Sir William Richmond Brown. There was a large attendance of the residents of the neighbourhood. A fox was soon found, and the scent being good he afforded an excellent run, but was ultimately lost. A snowstorm of great severity set in, which lasted several hours, and the sport could not be continued. The snowstorm was very general in the neighbourhood, and reached a depth of several inches.

The Empress of Austria has given 100gs towards the expenses of steeplechases to be held at Towcester during her stay at Easton Neston.

Her Majesty's stag-hounds met at Surley, near the Royal Kennel, on Friday, March 17. There was a capital field out, and Frank Goodall uncanted a good deer at Caesar's Camp, which made away over Bagshot-road and on to Windlesham, turning to the left to the Ascot station, Sunninghill, Sunningdale, leaving the station on the left, across the common, and away over a capital line of country for Chertsey. Several gentlemen, after crossing Bagshot-road, got on to some new-made land, and were completely stuck in the mud. On Tuesday the Royal pack met at Taplow station, near Maidenhead. The weather was fine, and there was a large field out. Shortly after twelve the deer Knaphill was let loose, and went away in good style, piloting the field at a capital pace for Burnham, turning to the right up through the Beeches, over Littleworth, coming direct for Beaconsfield, where the field was left going in capital style. Earl Hardwicke (the noble master), although his hunters were at the meet, was prevented from attending. The meet on Friday was to be at Hawthorn-hill.

Mr. J. Hope Barton, master of the Badsworth hounds, was out hunting with his pack near Doncaster on Monday last, when he was observed to fall from his horse. Assistance was at once rendered, and it was found he was in a fit. Brandy was supplied him, but he only lived a few minutes, dying on removal to a neighbouring cottage. The affair created great excitement, and the hunt was, of course, at once stopped. Deceased had for many years been master of the Badsworth.

A sad accident resulted in the death, on Saturday night, of William Hawkesby, first whip of the North Durham fox-hounds. While walking down the metals on the railway between Durham and Leamside, in order to reach the kennels, situate close to the line, in company with James Dowdeswell, the kennel-man, and George Ranson, stableman connected with the hunt, they were overtaken by a passenger-train, Hawkesby being killed on the spot, while the other two men escaped most miraculously. The deceased was twenty-four years of age, a native of Topcliffe, near Thirsk, and had been in Mr. Maynard's service about seven years.

Mr. C. H. Corbett's stag-hounds met at Mr. Scriven's, Wormleighton Hill, near Banbury, last Saturday morning; and, after a run over a hard country, the stag made for Banbury, crossing the river Cherwell and the Oxford and Birmingham Canal. The stag ran up a narrow lane, and made its appearance in one of the most frequented thoroughfares, followed by the hounds and the horsemen, one or two children being knocked over, while some of the horses came down at the crossings. The stag was ultimately captured at Broughton Castle, the seat of Lord Saye and Sele, about three miles from the town. It jumped into the moat which surrounds the castle, and was with some difficulty secured. The run was an unusually hard one, and there was a good field, including Sir Charles Mordaunt, the Earl of Camperdown, Lord Willoughby De Broke, Mr. Lucy, Mr. Thursby, and other well-known sportsmen.

Lord Galway's hounds met on Monday last at North Carlton, there being a very fair field, including Lord Galway. Carlton Wood was first drawn, and resulted in a failure, when the field marched to Carlton Hills, and also drew them blank. At Broom Farm, near the recent digging out of a fox late at night, a right good one was found, and he led off at a sharp run up to Tranker Wood, where he was killed. The wood near the Shireoaks Colliery was then drawn, and a fox was found, which went straight away at a merry pace to Birkett Wood, near Lindrick-common, and on thence to Walling Wells, and so forward to Oulder Wood, having had a most enjoyable day, considering the severe frost of the previous night.

Mr. Robert Calder, the late Master of the North Berwickshire Hunt, has written a letter to the proprietors and tenant farmers of the district communicating the reply received from the Hon. R. Baillie Hamilton, M.P., acceding to the request that he should accept the mastership of the foxhounds. This the hon. gentleman does, in conjunction with his brother, Lord Haddington, who agrees to continue the mastership, as at present, in East Lothian; and he adds:—"I beg to assure the subscribers that I shall do my best to show sport, and make it my constant and anxious endeavour to keep up the high character which the pack, under your liberal and able management, has already acquired; but they must permit me to add that my success in this will depend altogether upon the same kindly feeling, assistance, and forbearance being shown to me by the tenant farmers that they have hitherto extended to you (Mr. Calder), and without which foxhunting is but vanity and vexation of spirit, if not absolutely an impossibility."

We regret to hear that the committee of the Essex and Suffolk Hunt have not yet seen their way clear for surmounting the pecuniary difficulties which surround them. Meantime it has been resolved that no further step shall be taken for hunting the country another season until the financial affairs of the hunt are in a more satisfactory state.

At the Birkenhead Police Court, on Monday, Charles Williams, keeper of the dog-kennels at Bebington, was summoned for disposing of a horse which had been sold to him to be slaughtered, and with not cutting the hair off its mane; and Margaret Williams, a farmer at Tranmere, and John Jones, a driver in her employ, were charged with working the animal while in an unfit condition. It appeared that, in January last, the horse was sold by a coal-dealer in Tranmere to the defendant Charles Williams, for 14s., to be slaughtered for the dogs, and that Williams, having plenty of meat on hand, sold it to the female defendant for £1 4s. 6d. Inspector Carter, of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, found the animal in Mrs. Williams's possession in a miserable state of emaciation, and suffering from a wound on the hip which rendered it unfit for work. Mrs. Williams was summoned about three months ago, charged with cruelty to a pony, and she promised the Bench on that occasion to have the animal killed. She took it to the kennels and left it there for a few days, and then took it away again. Charles Williams said the horse in the present instance was never at the kennels at all, being put in a field and sold from thence. The Bench said that the practice of buying and selling horses was evidently contrary to the intentions of the Hunt Club. Williams was fined 10s. and costs, and Mrs. Williams 20s. and costs. The case against Jones was dismissed.

At Abingdon County Court, on Saturday (before Mr. W. H. Cooke, Judge, and a special jury), an action was brought by

John Kimberley, labourer, of Drayton, against Sir Saville Brinton Crossley, for a violent assault, the damages being laid at £50. The plaintiff is in the employ of a farmer, who, in consequence of his hurdles being broken, gave instructions that if any of his servants saw gentlemen leaping their horses over them they should take their names. On Feb. 22 the defendant was seen leaping, and on asking his name and stopping his horse he struck plaintiff severe blows with the handle of his whip, and, on the whip being taken from him, the defendant loosened the stirrups and struck plaintiff several times most severely. Defendant said his whip was taken from him and he was bruised in the struggle; and, whilst admitting that he struck the plaintiff, he stated that he did not intend to hit him on the head but about the body. The jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff—damages £25. Execution was stayed for seven days, to give the defendant an opportunity to move for a new trial.

THE BAL DES ARTISTES AT PARIS.

The Paris correspondent of the *Telegraph* gives an animated account of the annual Bal des Artistes, which took place last Saturday night at the Opéra Comique:—

"The ball is given in aid of the Association de Secours Mutuels des Artistes Dramatiques, and its great attractiveness consists in the custom which all the prettiest actresses in Paris have contracted of taking private boxes and exhibiting themselves to their admirers either in fancy costumes or in dazzling toilettes de bal. Contrary to my usual commendable habit of always arriving late at places of public entertainment, confirmed by a residence in Paris, where unpunctuality is the order of the day, I repaired to the theatre soon after midnight. The early guests were received with *empressement* by the members of the committee, and the first impression on traversing the carpeted corridors lined by shrubs and flowers was one of pleasurable anticipation; but a glance at the inside of the theatre dispelled all notion of gaiety.

"The space devoted to dancing was utterly bare; some forty or fifty unhappy-looking men in evening dress were huddled together on the extreme verge of the stage, and the private boxes were all absolutely empty. There was not a lady in the house, and the orchestra was pouring forth ineffectual melody on the desert air. The gentlemen present looked ashamed of being seen there; and the effect of the coup-d'œil was simply ghastly in the extreme. Thus it remained for nearly an hour. Then the *foyer* began to fill; men arrived in such numbers that it was scarcely possible to move on the recently-empty floor; and suddenly, as if by common consent, the box-doors opened and gave access to the queens of the Parisian stage. The usual state of things was reversed—the artistes were in the auditorium, the public was on the stage; but the latter stared at the former just as hard as usual. It was for this purpose, indeed, that the majority of the men had come. They wanted to see how these ladies looked off the stage. The majority were as much painted and disguised as though they were about to tread the boards; but they were, nevertheless, not easily recognised, and it was amusing to listen to the authoritative tone of voice in which names were applied to all but their rightful owners.

"It was evident that the actresses were playing parts with which they were not familiar. They knew that the eyes of the house were upon them, but they had none of that aplomb and assurance that distinguish them on the stage. Before they took their seats they had to arrange their skirts and to prevent their dresses from slipping off their shoulders, with a nervous fussiness that would have better becomed country girls fresh from school. One person, whose high-bred air of sangfroid I have often admired in a piece, was employed for five minutes in arranging herself in front of the box. As a rule, birds of a feather flew into the same nest. Each theatre had one or more boxes, and in every one of these was throned some reigning favourite surrounded by her satellites. The majority contented themselves with evening dress of brilliant colour and bold device, but many donned fancy costumes, either made for the occasion or borrowed from the pieces in which they now appear.

"Thus, Zulma Bouffar made a sensation by appearing in the dress of the charlatan in *Le Voyage dans la Lune*. As soon as her big plume was caught sight of advancing from the back of the box there was a roar of laughter and applause, which the actress acknowledged by a peal of laughter in return. Angèle of the Variétés—not to be confounded with Angèle of the Gymnase—wore an effective harlequin dress; and Madame Théodora looked bewitching in an exceedingly becoming rustic costume designed expressly for the occasion.

"About two o'clock arrived Madame Judic, dressed like a Pierrot, her face thickly covered with powder that lent additional lustre to the large, wondering eyes which she turned at the crowd below as they pressed forward to greet her. Among those in toilette de bal were Sangalli, the first danseuse at the opera, Legault, Lloyd, Reichenberg, Miette, and hosts of other pretty women whom I cannot attempt to enumerate. For a long time the crush was far too dense to admit of any movement, and everybody was busy staring at or visiting the beauties that studded every tier. As the night wore on the idle onlookers began to leave, the ladies came down from their boxes and set to work dancing with the vigorous want of grace which generally dis-

tinguishes actresses off the boards. Why is it that this accomplishment is the last that the *princesses de la rampe* acquire?"

THE PHILADELPHIA BOAT CLUBS.—The various boat clubs of the Quaker city are stirring up their several organisations for the approaching carnival on the Schuylkill. The Malta Club has taken a number of new members, and now holds out the promise of a first-rate crew. The club contemplates making a 3000 dols addition to its boat-house. The Vesper Club has improved its boat-house, and made other improvements necessary for the reception of visitors. The club is busy in selecting men for the forthcoming regattas. The Crescent Club, at their semi-annual meeting, subscribed 500 dols to the Centennial Regatta Fund.

ENGLAND AND THE CENTENNIAL REGATTA.—"Victor," the well-informed London correspondent of the *New York Sportsman*, says:—"I am glad to hear that, after all, there is still some hope of English amateur rowing being represented at your forthcoming centennial regatta at Philadelphia. I was at Oxford a few days ago for the purpose of having a look at the 'Varsity eight,' and there learned that an attempt would be made to send a crew of some kind or other to America to compete at the regatta, but that it was extremely doubtful whether more than two 'University oars,' at the most, could be induced to take part in the enterprise. Under any circumstances, however, I was informed that a little knot of 'young Oxford' had made up their minds for the trip, if only for the fun of the thing, and, if they could not do better, would content themselves with getting together a 'scratch four for the occasion.' At Dublin I hear that the proposal to send out a crew is being seriously considered, and that if the 'boat club,' as a body, will not undertake the task, four old members of Trinity College have resolved to go out and fight, like Hal o' the Wynd, 'for their own land.' Besides these, I should not be surprised if, when it comes to the pinch, one of our Thames clubs, either the Leander or London, does not decide to send out a four. In the professional races England will be represented by two if not three crews. On the Tyne a couple of fours are in course of formation for the avowed purpose of going out, but the men have not yet been finally selected. It is quite certain, however, that J. H. Sadler, the Thames champion, Winship, and J. Taylor will be together in one boat, while Boyd and Bagnall, the two last candidates for the championship, with the addition probably of Hepplewhite and Lumsden, though the latter is not certain, will form the other four. It is really a pity that the petty quarrels and jealousies which invariably prevail among the Newcastle professionals will not admit of them bringing their four best men together, otherwise the 'coaly Tyne' might send out a four that would be very hard to beat. Nor do I despair of seeing the Thames being worthily represented at your centennial regatta. A four consisting of S. Green, W. Spencer, H. Thomas, and J. Higgins have been in practice for some time, and, though they are very light, taken all round, they are undeniably fast. They have recently challenged the Tyne four—Taylor, Sadler, Winship, and any other man they can find—to row for £200, over the Thames champion course; to which the Newcastle men have replied that they will take Lumsden into their crew and row a match on the Tyne; but to this latter stipulation the Thames crew demur, alleging, fairly enough, their challenge was to row on the London water."

"TABOGGING" IN CANADA.—The sport which Mr. Du Maurier represented in *Punch* as being in vogue on Hampstead-heath during the last snowfall is thus practised in Canada, according to the *Harvard Crimson*:—"It is a crisp January day in a beautiful but too little known city of Canada; the thermometer says ten below zero; the snow is two feet deep and as dry as tinder; the scene is at the side of a hill, steeper than any sensible being on a 'Yankee' sled would dare to go down. On all parts of the hill are scattered in little groups gentlemen and ladies, boys and girls—of all ages, from fifteen to thirty—married and single, engaged, and still to have that pleasure. Instead of sleds they are dragging up the hill 'taboggins,' which is the Indian sled, and which finds a mate in the bark canoe. They are made of thin pieces of cedar wood, which have been planed perfectly smooth; these pieces are bent up at the front so as to form a sort of runner, but the boards themselves lie

flat on the snow, being fastened together above, so that the bottom is smooth. They are made of all sizes, averaging about 5 ft by 2 ft, and can accommodate any number of people. They are so thin and limber that they bend over any obstruction which may be in the road, so that they are not stopped even by large pieces of ice. They may be used to go down the steepest hills, where no sled could stand the strain. And here all the fun comes in, since the danger is necessarily very great. Often a load will upset, and girls and boys will be flung together into a huge drift; then of course the screaming and laughing is immense, except when one has a leg or arm broken, and then the laugh is more likely to appear on the other side."

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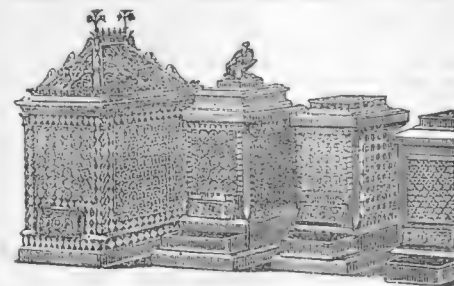
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DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best remedy for ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION; and the safest mild aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies, children, and infants. DINNEFORD & Co., 172, Bond-street, London, and all Chemists.

NOTICE.—THURSDAY SALES.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL beg to give NOTICE that, in consequence of the increased demand for Stalls, the THURSDAY SALES will COMMENCE EARLIER this Year than usual. The first Thursday's Sale will be held on March 2, for which immediate application for stalls should be made. The Stalls are nearly all booked for Monday's sales in April, May, and June. Albert-gate, Jan. 29, 1876.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, MARCH 27, the following weight-carrying HUNTERS (will be hunted up to day of sale), the property of Sir William Call: 1. **PLOUGHBOY**, bay gelding (snaffle bridle). 2. **LAVENDER**, brown mare. 3. **TAFFY**, bay gelding. 4. **CASTAWAY**, bay mare; winner of races. 5. **SUNBEAM**, chestnut gelding; carries a lady.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, MARCH 27, the following weight-carrying HUNTERS, that have been hunted this season with the Earl of Radnor's, Tedworth, and South and West Wilts Hounds, the property of the Earl of Pembroke: 1. **CHESTNUT GELDING**, 7 years old. 2. **BLACK GELDING**, 7 years old. 3. **BAY GELDING**, 6 years old.

ALDRIDGE'S, London.—Established 1753.—SALES by AUCTION of HORSES and CARRIAGES on every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 11 o'clock precisely. Stalls should be engaged a week before either sale day. Horses received on Mondays and Thursdays, from 9 to 12 o'clock. Accounts paid on those days only, between 10 and 4. Cheques forwarded to the country on written request. The sale on Wednesday next will include 150 Brougham and Phaeton Horses from Messrs. Wimbush and Co. and other job-masters, with Hacks and Harness Horses, Cobs, and Ponies, from noblemen and gentlemen, new and second-hand Carriages, Harness, &c. W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors.

BARBICAN REPOSITORY. MR. RYMILL will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at Eleven o'clock, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY HORSES, suitable for professional gentlemen, tradesmen, cab proprietors, and others; active young cart and van horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of carriages, carts, harness, &c.

At Baumber Park, near Horncastle, Lincolnshire, SUFFOLK, by North Lincoln out of Protection (dam of Margery Daw), by Defence, at 15gs a mare, groom's fee included. All Suffolk's stock, with one exception, that have started are winners, including The Ghost, Sailor, Baumber, &c. Apply to Mr. W. TAYLOR SHARPE, as above.

AT MYTON STUD FARM, NEAR YORK. SYRIAN. A limited number of mares at 10gs; groom's fee, 10s. **BLUEMANTLE.** Thoroughbreds, 5gs and 10s. the groom; half-breds, 2gs and 5s. the groom. **SHEPHERD F. KNAPP**, the famous trotter, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d. the groom. Apply to EDWARD C. MUNBY, Myton, Helperby, York.

AT OLD OAK FARM, SHEPHERD'S-BUSH (Three Miles from Albert-gate). MARSYAS (Sire of Albert Victor, George Frederick, &c.), a chestnut horse, by Orlando out of Malibran, by Whisker. A limited number of mares, at 50gs each (groom's fee included). Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, is within a mile of a first-class station at Kensington, with a communication with almost all the main lines, where mares can be sent. Apply to D. DOLLAMORE, Stud Groom.

At Moorlands Stud Farm, York. SPECULUM. A limited number of Mares, at 50gs; Groom's fee, 1 guinea. **KNIGHT OF THE GARTER**, at 25gs; Groom's fee, 1 guinea. **MARTYRDOM**, at 10gs; Groom's fee, 10s. All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Apply to JOHN HURV, Stud Groom, as above.

At Bonehill Paddocks, Tamworth. PERO GOMEZ, at 50gs a Mare. **MUSKET**, at 40gs a Mare. Foaling Mares, 25s.; Barren Mares, 20s. per week. For further particulars, apply to Mr. P. SCOTT, as above.

At Woodlands Stud, Knitsley Station, Co. Durham. Apply to Stud Groom for full particulars. MACGREGOR, by Macaroni, at 15gs. **STENTOR** (sire of Absalon and Salmigondis, two of best in France), by De Clare—Songstress (winner of Oaks), at 10gs. **IDUS** (best horse of 1871), by Wild Dayrell, at 10gs.

NEWBRIDGE-HILL STUD FARM, BATH. ASTEROID (Sire of Siderolite), by Stockwell out of Teetotum, by Touchstone—Versatility, by Blacklock. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs and 10s. the groom. **HENRY HOPKINS**, Stud Groom.

AT FINSTALL PARK FARM, BROMSGROVE. CARDINAL YORK, by Newminster. Limited to twenty-five mares, at 40gs each. **PAUL JONES**, by Buccaneer. Limited to twenty-five mares, at 20gs each. Foaling mares, 23s. per week; barren mares, 18s. per week. Apply to Stud Groom.

At the Stud Company's Farm, Cobham, Surrey, CARNIVAL. Thirty Mares (including the Company's), at 50gs. The subscription to this horse is full. **GEORGE FREDERICK.** Twenty mares (including the Company's), at 50gs. The subscription to this horse is full. **CATERER** (sire of Pace, Leolinus, Allumette, &c.), at 40gs. **WILD OATS.** Thirty-five mares, at 25gs. **CHATTANOOGA** (sire of Wellington and John Billington), by Orlando out of Ayacanora, by I. Bird-catcher, her dam Pocahontas (dam of Stockwell), at 15gs. All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Foaling mares 25s. per week, barren mares 20s. per week. Apply to J. GRIFFITH, Stud Groom.

At BUCKLAND COURT, near Reigate. KING OF THE FOREST, by Scottish Chief, out of Lioness, by Pandage, fifteen mares, besides a few of his owner's, at 30gs a mare, and 1 guinea to the groom. Subscription list full. Apply to Thomas Cartwright, as above.

NOTICE.—WILLS'S BEST BIRD'S EYE. Every Packet of this TOBACCO will in future be lined with tin-foil, thus perfectly preserving its condition and flavour. January, 1876. W. D. & H. O. WILLS.

STALLIONS.

Stallions at Highfield Hall, St. Albans. **JOSKIN, by West Australian,** out of Peasant Girl, by The Major (son of Sheet Anchor)—Glance, by Waxy Pope—Globe, by Quiz. At 20gs. and one guinea the groom. **THE KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK** (sire of Knight of the Crescent, Moslem, Orangeman, Tenedos, The Knight, Queen of the Bees, &c.), by The Knight of St. George out of Pocahontas (the dam of Stockwell, Ratanplan, King Tom, &c.) Thoroughbred mares 10gs, 10s the groom. **THE WARRIOR**, a white horse, 16 hands 1 inch high, by King Tom out of Woodnymph, by Longbow—Mrs. Gill, by Viator—Lady Fractious, by Comus. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs and 10s the groom, half-bred mares at 5gs and 5s the groom. **RUPERT** (foaled in 1866), a red roan horse, 16 hands 2in high, by Knowsley out of Rapid Rhone's dam, by Lanecrest or Retriever, her dam Physalis, by Bay Middleton—Baleine, by Whalebone. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs, half-bred mares at 5gs, unless previously sold. All subscriptions for thoroughbred mares to be taken of Mr. Tattersall, at Albert-gate; half-bred mares of Mr. Elmer, at Highfield Hall, St. Albans, within two miles and a half of three lines of railway—viz., the Midland, London and North-Western, and Great Northern. All letters to meet mares, &c., to be sent to Mr. Elmer, Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

At Shepherd's Bush, three miles from Albert-gate. **LORD LYON** (winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger), foaled 1863, by Stockwell out of Paradigm (dam of Man-at-Arms, Bluemantle, Gardevisure, and Achievement), by Paragon—Ellen Horne, by Redshanks—Delhi, by Flampo. At 25gs, and 1 guinea the groom. The subscription to this horse is nearly full. **COSTA**, a brown horse, by The Baron out of Catherine Hayes (winner of the Oaks), by Lanecrest out of Constance, by Partisan out of Quadrille, by Selim. At 10gs, and 10s. the groom. **CLANSMAN**, a brown horse, by Roebuck, dam by Faughballagh out of Makeaway, by Harkaway out of Clarinda, by Sir Hercules; Roebuck, by Mountain Deer out of Marchioness d'Eu, by Maggie out of Echidna, by Economist. At 6gs thoroughbred, and 3gs half-bred mares, and 5s. the groom. Apply to D. Dollamore, Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, for half-bred mares; and to Mr. Tattersall, Albert-gate, for subscriptions to thoroughbred mares. Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, is within a mile of a first-class station at Kensington, with a communication with almost all the main lines, where mares can be sent.

AT ALWALTON, PETERBOROUGH. MONTAGNARD (bred in France), by Fitz-Gladiator out of Milwood, by Sir Hercules; thoroughbred mares at £5 5s.; half-breds at half price. Mares at 11s. a week; with corn, at 16s. Apply to C. KIRK, Alwalton, Peterborough; or Mr. Core, Angel Inn, Peterborough.

AT PACKINGTON HALL, COVENTRY. VANDERDECKEN (7 yrs), by Saccharometer out of Stolen Moments. Ran third for the St. Leger, won the Liverpool Cup, and many other important races. At 25gs. **GUY DAYRELL** (aged), by Wild Dayrell out of Reginella. Winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap, Stockbridge Cup, and many other races. Thoroughbreds, 6gs; half-breds, 3gs; foaling mares, 21s.; barren mares, 16s. per week. Good accommodation for mares. All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Nearest Station for Packington, Hampton-in-Arden, L.N.W. For any information apply to W. MEESER, Stud Groom.

AT WAREHAM'S FARM, SUTTON-PLACE, GUILDFORD. THUNDERBOLT. Fifteen Mares, besides his owner's, at 50gs a mare, groom's fee included. **THE SPEAKER**, by Filbert, dam, Needle, by Camel. Ten Mares, besides his owner's. Thoroughbred Mares at 10gs; Half-bred, 5gs; groom's fee included. Foaling mares, 21s. per week; barren mares, 16s. per week. All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Apply to Mr. G. PAYNE, Stud Groom, as above.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE. VETERINARY INFIRMARY, 74, NEW-ROAD, GRAVESEND. Contents of BARKER'S MEDICINE-CHESTS, all necessary Medicines for Horses, Cattle, and Dogs. No Farm or Stable complete without one. 6 Colic and Gripe Mixtures for Horses and Cattle. 6 Tonic and Stimulating Drinks for Horses. 12 Physic Balls. 12 Diuretic Balls. 12 Calving and Cleansing Drinks for Cows. 2 Bottles of Lotions for Sore Shoulders and Withers. 12 Condition and Cordial Balls. 2 Bottles of White Oils, for Sprains, &c. 1 Bottle of Tincture. 1 Can of "Barker's" celebrated Grease Ointment. 1 Large Pot of Blistering Ointment. 1 Ditto Box of Distemper Pills, for Dogs. The Whole complete in Case. Price 50s. From George Barker, Veterinary Officer to the Borough of Gravesend.

Preventive Drink for Cattle against Foot-and-Mouth Disease, now so prevalent, price 15s. per dozen, with instructions. **SPRATT'S PATENT MEAT FIBRINE DOG CAKES.** Our success has caused a number of counterfeit imitations to be made of highly dangerous and un-nutritious ingredients. They are sold by unprincipled tradesmen as ours for the sake of a small extra profit which the makers allow them. Please observe that every cake is stamped "Spratt's Patent," without which none are genuine. Address—Spratt's Patent, Henry-street, Bermondsey-street, S.E. **ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), 7, Bank-buildings, Lothbury, E.C.** General Accidents. Personal Injuries. Railway Accidents. Death by Accidents. C. HARDING, Manager.

THE MARVELLOUS REMEDY FOR COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, AND ALL CHEST AFFECTIONS. PECTORINE. Sold by all Chemists, in Bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each. Sent by the Proprietors upon receipt of stamps. PECTORINE cures the worst forms of Coughs and Colds, Hoarseness, gives immediate relief in Bronchitis, is the best medicine for Asthma, cures Whooping-Cough, is invaluable in the early stages of Consumption, relieves all Affections of the Chest, Lungs, and Throat. Prepared only by SMITH and CLARKE, Manufacturing Chemists, Park-street, Lincoln.

SANDOWN PARK CLUB, SANDOWN PARK, ESHER, SURREY.

THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE GRAND MILITARY STEEPLECHASES. These Steeplechases will be held in SANDOWN PARK, on SATURDAY, APRIL 1, commencing at 1 o'clock. There will be seven Races. The whole of the course and fences are visible from the Stands. STEWARDS.

H.S.H. PRINCE EDWARD OF SAXE-WEIMAR. General Lord STRATHNAIRN, G.C.B. Lord CHARLES INNES KER. Colonel the Hon. PERCY FIELDING. Colonel KEITH FRASER. Colonel EWART. Colonel OWEN WILLIAMS. Colonel F. H. HARTFORD. Members of the Sandown Park Club are particularly requested to wear their Passes in a conspicuous place, so that the men in charge may have no difficulty in admitting them. There is a separate entrance for members at the Railway Gates to the Park. Admission for the Public to the Park, 2s. 6d.; to the Grand Stand, 5s. Stand Tickets procurable on the Ground only. For Carriages, including all Occupants:— One Horse 10s. Two " 15s. Four " 20s. Distance by Road, Thirteen Miles from Hyde Park-corner. Special train for members and their friends will leave Waterloo station for Esher direct at 12.12 p.m. Frequent trains from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, and other stations, at ordinary fares, as advertised. J. WHITTAKER BUSHE, General Manager.

BILLIARDS GRAND TOURNAMENT, on the American System, under the management of W. COOK, will take place at TURNER and PRICE'S SALOON, 367, STRAND, on MONDAY, APRIL 3, and following days, by Eight of the Best Players in the World, viz:— W. Cook 150 Stanley 125 Taylor 125 Timbrell 125 A. Bennett 150 Kilkenny 150 F. Bennett 150 Richards 170 Heat, 500.

MONDAY. 3. 0—F. Bennett Richards Kilkenny Timbrell 4. 30—Stanley 8. 0—Taylor 9. 30—Cook **TUESDAY.** 3. 0—Taylor Timbrell 4. 30—Cook A. Bennett Kilkenny Richards 8. 0—Stanley 9. 30—F. Bennett **WEDNESDAY.** 3. 0—Kilkenny Timbrell 4. 30—Cook F. Bennett Richards 8. 0—A. Bennett Taylor 9. 30—Stanley **THURSDAY.** 3. 0—Timbrell A. Bennett 4. 30—Kilkenny Richards F. Bennett 8. 0—Stanley Taylor 9. 30—Cook **FRIDAY.** 3. 0—Taylor A. Bennett 4. 30—Cook Stanley Kilkenny Richards 8. 0—F. Bennett 9. 30—Timbrell **SATURDAY.** 3. 0—Stanley A. Bennett 4. 0—Cook Kilkenny F. Bennett Richards 8. 0—Timbrell 9. 30—Taylor

FIRST PRIZE. A 100-Guinea Table, manufactured by Messrs. Turner and Price, on which the Handicap will be played. Play will commence at 3 and 8 o'clock. Admission, Afternoon and Evening, Reserved and Numbered Seats, 5s.; Tickets for the entire Tournament, £2 2s., which may be obtained at Cook's Billiard Rooms, 82 to 99, Regent-street; Guildhall Tavern, Gresham-street, City; Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly; and Messrs. Turner and Price, Billiard-Table Makers, 367, Strand.

OSLER'S GLASS CHANDELIERS, WALL LIGHTS, and LUSTRES. CHANDELIERS in BRONZE and ORMOLU. Kerosene and Moderator Lamps for India and Home use. TABLE GLASS of all kinds. Mess, Export, and Furnishing Orders promptly executed. LONDON: Show-Rooms, 45, OXFORD-STREET, W. BIRMINGHAM: Manufactory and Show-Rooms, BROAD-ST. Established 1807.

J. H. STEWARD'S BINOCULAR, TOURIST, FIELD, or OPERA GLASSES. DEER-STALKING, SPORTING, AND OTHER TELESCOPES. The high reputation these Glasses have attained induces J. H. Steward to invite all persons seeking a Good Glass to apply for one of his NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES, gratis and post-free to all parts. 106, Strand; 66, Strand; 54, Cornhill; 63, St. Paul's-churchyard. Opticians to the British and Foreign Governments, and the National Rifle Associations of England, America, and Canada (by appointment).

ELKINGTON and CO., PATENTEES OF THE ELECTRO PLATE, MANUFACTURING SILVERSMITHS, FINE-ART METAL WORKERS, &c., Beg to caution the public against forged and deceptive marks used by nefarious manufacturers to induce the sale of inferior qualities of electro plate. All goods manufactured by Elkington and Co. are distinctly stamped with their marks, ELKINGTON and CO., and "E. and Co., under a crown." Books of Patterns and Prices, Designs for Race and Regatta Plate, Presentation Services, Estimates for Clubs, Hotels, Steam-Ships, &c., sent on application. 22, REGENT-STREET, LONDON; City House, 45, Moorgate-street, E.C.; 25, Church-street, Liverpool; St. Ann's-square, Manchester. Manufactory, Newhall-street, Birmingham.

SKATING-RINK FLOORS. Noblemen and others contemplating forming Skating Rinks will find, in the adoption of CLARIDGE'S PATENT ASPHALTE, a material better adapted for the floors than any material yet tried, and the surface closely resembles rubbed slate as to smoothness. Cement, which was at first tried for roller-skating purposes, works into dust and injures the spindles of the skates, two objections which the use of this company's Asphaltic boards avoids.—J. FARRELL, Secretary, Claridge's Patent Asphaltic Company (Limited). Offices—Victoria Embankment, W.C.

BAKER and CRISP'S BLACK SILKS. The Richest Black Silks, from 2s. to 7s. 11d. yard. Patterns free. BAKER and CRISP, 193, Regent-street.

BAKER and CRISP'S COLOURED SILKS. The Richest Coloured Fancy Striped and Fancy Silks, from 1s. 11d. yard. Patterns free. BAKER and CRISP, 193, Regent-street.

SILKS! SILKS! SILKS! The Richest Japanese Silks of every description, from 10s. 6d. to 29s. 6d. Full Dress. Patterns free.—BAKER and CRISP.

NOTICE.—BAKER and CRISP'S NEW SPRING FABRICS. The New Spring Beiges 10½d. to 1s. 3d. yard. The New Spring Checks 6½d. to 1s. 0d. yard. The New Costume Cloths 6½d. to 2s. 6d. yard. The New Tinted Alpaca 10½d. to 2s. 3d. yard. The New Matlasa Cloth 1s. to 2s. 0d. yard. The New Stripes, Checks, and Plain Cloths to match 6d. to 2s. 3d. yard. Patterns free.—BAKER and CRISP, 193, Regent-street.

1000 NICHOLSON'S NEW DRESS FABRICS.—1000 Patterns, representing all the New Materials for present Wear, forwarded (post-free) to any part of the world. D. NICHOLSON and CO., 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard, London.

1000 NICHOLSON'S NEW SILKS. Striped, Checked, Broché, and Plain, in all the New Colours, from 2s. to 10s. per yard. 1000 Patterns post-free to any part. D. NICHOLSON and CO., 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard, London.

LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER.—Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Restores the colour to grey or white hair in a few days. It is the best, safest, and cheapest. Sold by all Chemists.—J. PEPPER, 237, Tottenham-court-road, London, whose name and address are on the label, or it is spurious.

CENTRAL-FIRE GUNS or RIFLES. Our £15 Breechloading Gun, 12, 16, and 20 bore, with canvas case and apparatus complete, is not to be surpassed for style, finish, and shooting qualities. In various patterns of actions, "Double Grip" top levers (Thomas's Patent), side levers, &c. EXPRESS DOUBLE RIFLES, .577 bore, carrying 6 drs. of powder, from 25gs. Also of other sizes, .500, .450, and .360 bores. All our Rifles and Guns are carefully shot, and trials solicited. Price-Lists on application. E. M. REILLY and CO., 502, New Oxford-street, London. Branches: 315, Oxford-street, London; and 2, Rue Scribe, Paris.

TREBLE-GRIP BREECH-LOADER, with Improved LARGE-HEADED STRIKERS (See "The Field," July 10, 1875). Plain, Modified, and Full Choke-bored Barrels. Price list on application. GREATEST PENETRATION.—The Greatest Penetration of "The Field" Wear-and-Tear Trial was made by my Gun (See "Field," June 1, 1875). Also the three highest unselected average pattern scores on record. EXPRESS RIFLES, fine quality, £25 and £30. CHAS. H. MALEHAM, Gun and Rifle Maker, Sheffield.

NOTICE.—JOHN BLISSETT and SON, GUN, RIFLE, and PISTOL MAKERS, 98, High Holborn, are now making their guns with all the latest improvements. Long conversant with the requirements of Indian sportsmen, they guarantee a good gun or rifle at moderate cost.

DUCK-SHOOTING.—Special 4-bore Single C F Breech-loading Guns; weight from 13lb to 14lb. Guaranteed to kill at over one hundred yards' range. Also 8-bore C F Double Guns, Choke-bored for extra long range. Full particulars of H. HOLLAND, 98, New Bond-street, London.

THE most LAUGHABLE THING on EARTH. A new Parlour Pastime. 50,000 Transformations of Wit and Humour. Endless amusement for evening parties of two to fifty. Post-free for 14 stamps.—H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick-street.

THE MAGIC FOUNTAIN PIN. A unique Pin for the Scarf diffusing showers of Perfume at the will of the wearer. Pin and apparatus, in box, post-free 14 stamps. H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick-st., Covent-garden.

THE MAGIC CIGAR-CASE, shown full of Cigars, closed, and found empty. Post-free for 14 stamps. Magic Fusee-Case, 14 stamps. Magic Snuff-Box, post-free 14 stamps.—H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick-street, Covent-garden.

THE MAGIC WHISTLE.—A capital joke, decorating anyone who attempts to blow it with a pair of moustachios. Post-free for 14 stamps.—H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick-street, Covent-garden.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY. This celebrated and most delicious old mellow spirit is the very CREAM OF IRISH WHISKIES, in quality unrivalled, perfectly pure, and more wholesome than the finest Cognac Brandy. Note the Red Seal, Pink Label, and Cork, branded "Kinahan's LL" Whisky. Wholesale Dépôt, 20, GREAT TITCHFIELD-ST., OXFORD-ST., W.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA BREAKFAST. "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the "Civil Service Gazette." Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets (tins for abroad), labelled, JAMES EPPS and CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, 48, Threadneedle-street; and 170, Piccadilly; Works, Euston-road and Camden Town, London. (Makers of Epps's Glycerine Jujubes, throat irritation.)

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so glaringly prostitute their pens as to make it evident either that they have a direct animus against certain entrepreneurs, or that they can see no good in anything which fails to receive the impress of aristocratic influences. Gate-money gatherings in the neighbourhood of London may, or may not be conducive to public morals and the wellbeing of society. Heaven knows we entertain no very high opinion of the benefits conferred by Croydon and Sandown! Indeed, we have more than once been taken to task for the opinions we have ventured to express as regards their utility. But, by all means, let critics be impartial, and tar all their special aversions with the same brush. As we said some time since, it is to the principle of these suburban specs that we object, and not so much to the method of administration adopted by their promoters. This being the case, it matters not who their promoters may be, whether plebeians or aristocrats, nor whether they draw the multitude to rough it at Croydon or to luxuriate in the more refined atmosphere of Sandown Park. It is the very refinement of flunkeyism to suppose that the "swells" form any attraction at such gatherings, except to their toad-eating train of followers. People are attracted by the racing bill of fare, and care but little whether the horses they back belong to swells or snobs. If there is one more distinguishing characteristic of racing than another it is its levelling tendency; and upon the course lord and lout, crown prince and commoner are alike bound by the freemasonry of a common pursuit. It is on these occasions that men in high places condescend to their fellows of low estate, and when even flunkies are glad to pick up tidbits of information and exclusive intelligence from the orders they affect to despise, but which they are so keen to "earwig."

We repeat that in nothing save in a few nominally aristocratic associations has Sandown any pull over Croydon. If there be any advantage, we rather think it lies with Croydon, where only a shilling is charged for witnessing sport quite equal to that provided by its rival; where the management is certainly better than at the "new Jerusalem;" and where there are no drawbacks to enjoyment, save the impossibility of rubbing shoulders with the incomparable Jenkins. As to Sandown being any more select than the elder gathering at Woodside, we may at once remove this illusion by the evidence of many visitors at both places. The police are, perhaps, the most reliable authorities, and their experience inclines them to the belief that the extra charge at the Sandown gate, while it may frighten away a few sober and sedate holiday-makers, exercises no repressive influence whatever upon the hordes of roughs, welsheis, and pickpockets who find their happy hunting-grounds in suburban centres of sport. Jenkins is in his proper place on the Ascot or Goodwood lawns, chronicling the small beer of dresses and attendances, for which purpose alone he is allowed to attach a "pass" to his button-hole; but outside that gilded pale exclusiveness gives way to sport, and men mingle unceremoniously together. Happily, it is but to a contemptibly small and narrow-minded clique that Jenkins can dictate; and his influence is absurdly insignificant beyond the select circle he is permitted to address in language all the more discordant and halting after the flowing periods and graceful vivacity of the late lamented "Argus." The world heeds not the harsh scream of the peacock, vehemently as he may try to attract attention to his fine feathers and the good company he affects; and as Croydon will not suffer by his indictment, so neither will his good offices raise Sandown to a higher place in public estimation than she is entitled to hold through the intrinsic merit of her attractions.

Shooting Notes.

GAME, THE FOOD OF THE PEOPLE.

MR. MACLAGAN, M.P. (no doubt the MacLagan of that ilk!), has "fathered" a Scotch Game Laws Bill. Sir Robert Anstruther, M.P., expressed "pity" for the 172 honourable members who voted for its second reading; and, although "The MacLagan" gained a majority of twenty-two, the speakers in favour of his bill did not appear to be aware of what they were about or exactly to understand what they wanted. They appeared to think that the game laws wanted some amending and that "The MacLagan's" Bill might have a *cavea via* to such a consummation devoutly to be wished; but the "eye" of the needle through which the camel was to crawl they could not put their fingers upon. Nor could we. What a jumble the whole thing was, to be sure! Scotch landlords, the law of hypothec, undue preservation of game, and "game the food of the people"—all jumbled into an olla podrida of verbose and incoherent un-country-gentleman-like ranting. Yes; when Mr. Peter Taylor (M.P. for Leicester, a sporting county) enunciated the theory that "game was the food of the people," he may be said to have out-Heroded Herod. The hon. member did not take the trouble to explain how any landowner's hares, pheasants, and partridges came to be the "food of the people;" but we can do that for Mr. Peter Taylor, M.P. If a landowner invests some thousands in stocking his preserves with game and then sells it dead to a poulterer, it becomes "the food of the people." The expense of breeding the said game and the pleasure of killing it are the landowner's "portion"; the people have it for food—say at four shillings per head, when it cost the landowner five times as much to produce. If the people were allowed to go across country—à la the Lancashire and Yorkshire poachers—in bodies of fifty, shooting all before them, and setting keepers and "bobbies" at defiance, we hardly think that landowners would care about providing "food" for the sovereign people to shoot. At any rate, that is the view a noble lord, who formerly preserved moors in the neighbourhood of Sheffield, took of the case. But there are several reasons for preserving game: to our mind the weightiest is never adduced in the House of Commons. We allude to the "Game and Gun Licenses Returns," from which it appears that the licenses to kill game last year produced £190,505; to deal in game, £5778; and the gun licenses, £72,139; against the respective amounts in the previous year of £184,500, £5652, and £66,018. The Inland Revenue Commissioners report that "the increases shown in the yield of game and gun licenses are satisfactory, as indicating that there has been no lack of vigilance on the part of our country officers. Probably, so far as rural districts are concerned, some of the increases may fairly be attributed to the plan adopted of periodically posting on church and chapel doors lists containing the names of persons in the parish who have taken out these licenses, a plan which is adopted with regard also to dog licenses. It enables everyone who suspects an evasion of the duty, and who is willing to assist in the protection of the revenue, to verify his suspicion, and it also stimulates applications for licenses. Persons who might, perhaps, not scruple to evade the duty if they thought detection problematical are ashamed to give their neighbours and friends the chance of learning to what a paltry and shabby fraud they are willing to stoop." Now, the "facts" we have adduced are "stubborn things," and we do not see how Mr. Peter Taylor can controvert them. Two things are plainly manifest—firstly, that game-preserving fills the national exchequer; secondly, that it is the means of pro-

viding "food for the people." What more can Mr. Peter Taylor want? Surely he does not want to kill the game himself in company with a "gang" of the sovereign and unlicensed "people"—that, Mr. Taylor, is what we call poaching.

THE DESTRUCTION OF WILDFOWL IN LINCOLNSHIRE was formerly carried on by a wholesale process. The manner was as follows:—Two very long nets, or rather a number of nets spliced together, were placed in line in the water, so as to form two sides of a triangle, at the narrow extremity of which were one, two, or three conical nets, resembling decoy-pipe and tunnel nets; the opposite angle of the space encompassed was left entirely open, and thus a broad expanse of water was inclosed on each side and at the farther extremity. The sedges and surrounding haunts of waterfowl were then beaten by a great concourse of men in boats, who drove the helpless fowl within the space inclosed, by splashing and dashing with long poles and staves; and so, by degrees, they were driven into the tunnels and captured. Many birds, which might chance to strike against the side-nets during operations, became ensnared before reaching the tunnel, and were taken up generally by the person to whom the net belonged; and there were usually a combination of owners, the nets being linked one to another, so as to inclose as large a space as possible. Latham has recorded an instance in which 2646 wildfowl were taken during the short space of two days, on a mere near Spalding, in Lincolnshire; and Willughby states that a fowling party engaged in this pursuit, as many as 400 boats used sometimes to meet, and that 4000 mallards have been taken at one driving in Deeping Fen. These proceedings were considered so disreputable and injurious to the preservation and increase of wildfowl as to demand the attention of the Legislature, and led to the passing of that curious, and at the present day amusing, statute, 25 Hen. VIII., cap. 11, intituled "An Acte ayenst the Destruccon of Wyldfowle;" wherein, after setting forth that before that time there had been plenty of wildfowl, but that in consequence of divers persons inhabiting the districts where wildfowl breed having, in the summer season, "at suche tyme as the seid olde fowle be mowted and not replenysshed with fethers to flye, nor the yonge fowle fully fetherede perfectly to flye, have by certen nettes and other ingyns and polycies yerely taken greatenumber of the same fowle, in such wyse that the brode of wyldfowle is almoste thereby wasted and consumed, and dayly is lyke more and more to wast and consume yf remedy be not therefore pyvyed." The statute also provides against taking wildfowl by such means between the "last day of Maye and the last day of August" in any year, thereby putting a summary stop to such destructive proceedings. A statute was also passed in Scotland, in the reign of James II., A.D. 1457, prohibiting the destruction of wildfowl during the moulting season. Blome also speaks of this system of fowling, and states that numbers of wildfowl were easily taken in the fens in moulting time, with the assistance of a water-spaniel, by simply driving them into narrow creeks where tunnel nets were previously fixed. Notwithstanding the statute of 25 Henry VIII., it appears that in subsequent reigns it was often infringed; and though Markham, who wrote in 1621 and 1655 upon the art of fowling, makes but cursory mention of taking wildfowl by driving, Willughby, who wrote in 1678, gives a full description of it. The omission by Markham was probably intentional, because of the illegality of the proceeding after the statute of Henry VIII., above cited. In reference to the wholesale capture of wildfowl which prevailed previous to the passing of the statute alluded to, it is worthy of remark that many fens and other strongholds of wildfowl were then in their wild and natural state; no draining-pipe had then found its way beneath the surface; but the whole country of the fens afforded every requisite protection, and inviting means for the breeding and rearing of waterfowl. No wonder, then, that their numbers should have been so great that as many as three and four thousand should have been taken at a driving; and this, it must be remembered, in the summer season. This is the state of wholesale destruction to which Mr. Peter Taylor, M.P., would have us return; as long as the wildfowl became "food for the people," we do not suppose he would care much as to how the people came by it.

THE MARTINI-HENRY RIFLE it appears will again be attacked in the House of Commons. We fail to perceive upon what grounds, as sportsmen generally have adopted it on the score of its accuracy in searching out the vital spots of large and dangerous game. Have members of the Houses of Parliament forgotten the final trials this rifle went through before adoption into the British service? If so we should like to "jog their memory" with one of them. What rifle extant can show better results than this?

Range.	Mean Figure of Five Targets of 20 Shots each.	Best Figure obtained.	Angle of Elevation.
YARDS.	FEET.	FEET.	DEG. MIN. SEC.
300	57	47	0 38 34
500	95	79	1 1 26
800	163	129	2 2 29
1000	280	219	2 38 26
1200	346	228	3 55 31

Rate of fire attained, without taking aim, 20 rounds in 48 seconds.

CONVERTING MUZZLE-LOADERS INTO BREECH-LOADERS is a difficult job in many cases to ask a gunmaker to attempt. Some guns will admit of conversion, but others will not; and in the latter case it is only a waste of money to attempt the operation. To save time, and the vexation arising from having a good old muzzle-loader spoiled by being converted, we will point out what kind of barrels are best adapted for converting. In the first place, they should be very strong at the breech, to allow for boring the chambers, so as to admit the cartridge case, and yet be strong enough to resist the large proof-charge that they are subjected to. There are but few muzzle-loaders strong enough for converting. If the guns are wanted to retain their good shooting qualities, they must be fitted with cartridges one size larger than the bore or gauge at the muzzle, if the bore is over 13; but not for a 16 bore as they take a 15 wad. It should be a No. 14 cartridge for a 15-bore gun, and a No. 12 for a 13-bore. If the above conditions are complied with, the guns, if properly converted, will shoot as well, and we have known them shoot better than before alteration. There being no 11-bore cartridge-cases made, 12-bore guns cannot be converted, to retain their good shooting qualities. An 11-bore gun can be made to take a 10-bore cartridge-case. All converted guns have to undergo the process of double proving, and require to be fine bored, which increases the size. There has just been invented by an American a metallic cartridge-case, that will answer well for 12-bore converted guns, and will, no doubt, become general and have a large sale. These cases are thinner than the ordinary paper case, and fit well into the 12-chamber. Being less substance than paper, they take a wad of 11-bore, and can be used repeatedly. In our next Number we shall have something to say about converting muzzle-loading rifles into breech-loaders.

WILDFOWL-SHOOTING UNDER SAIL, with yacht and swivel-gun, is chiefly directed to the gaggles of Brent geese, which

frequent various parts of the coast in winter; but with sailing-boat and swivel-gun the pursuit is generally confined to extensive inland waters, where small birds, as duck and widgeon, form the chief objects of the diversion; and the sailing-sportsman should make himself as familiar as possible with the habits of such birds under the various changes of wind and weather, which always, more or less, regulate their movements.

As now the season comes, the fowler marks Sagacious every change, and feeds his hopes With signs predictive.

In fine weather wildfowl are generally watchful, sprightly, and difficult of access; in cloudy and threatening weather they are either drowsy and reluctant to rise from the water or so busily and greedily at feed that they regard the sportsman's movements with far less concern and suspicion than during bright and open weather. On sunny days, immediately succeeding rough weather, storms, or a gale, wildfowl are resting and sleeping during the day, and will sit to the sportsman with remarkable indifference. In very windy weather they are generally unsettled and difficult of approach; but in a moderate breeze the sportsman will often be able to come at them in smooth water, while he will find it no easy task in a heavy sea.

AN IRISH TEAM FOR THE PHILADELPHIA RIFLE-MATCH.—On the 17th, at Dublin, a deputation from the Irish Rifle Association, together with some influential gentlemen interested in rifle-shooting, waited on Major Leach, late captain of the Irish rifle team, and presented him with an address asking him to form a team for the forthcoming match with America, as Sir Henry Halford had been unable to form a British team. Major Leach, in reply, consented to form an Irish team.

THE GUN CLUB, SHEPHERD'S-BUSH.—The fine weather drew together a large company on Saturday last, and a very long afternoon's sport resulted, no less than eight handicap sweepstakes at three birds each being got through, as well as four sweepstakes at three double-rises each, all the competitors in the latter standing at 25 yards' rise. For the single-shooting Captain Forester-Leighton (27 yards' rise) beat two others. Sir George Hector Leith (26) killed four in the second and beat ten others. Captain H. B. Patton (28½) brought down five in the next and won with twelve entries. A similar number took part in the fourth, which fell to Captain F. Leighton by killing seven. The latter and Sir G. Hector Leith shared the fifth pool by each killing four. Nine competed in the sixth, which resulted in a division between Mr. Logan-White and Captain Gordon-Hughes, each killing their stipulated number of birds. Mr. Logan-White and Mr. Hopwood each killed five in the next, and shared 8 sovs, and the latter was credited with the eighth by killing eight pigeons in succession. In the double-rises Captain Shelley won the first event, Captain Gordon-Hughes took the second, and the last two fell to Mr. Logan-White.

PIGEON-SHOOTING AT THE WELSH HARP.—The great handicap of £80, promoted by Mr. J. Tucker, of Croydon, was brought to a conclusion on Monday at Mr. W. P. Warner's inclosure, the event taking two days to decide. On Saturday ten competed, two shooting at all their birds and eight at eight birds each, the remaining seven preferring to shoot at all their birds on Monday. Several crack shots from the midland districts took part in the proceedings, as well as most of our best metropolitan shots, the conditions being fifteen pigeons each, from five traps, &c., each member to be handicapped according to merit. No less than seventeen answered to their names. Mr. A. Hollidge (27) took the first prize of £60, by killing twelve out of thirteen. Messrs. Stevenson (27), Cole (28), and Franks (29) each scored ten out of fifteen, and agreed to shoot it off bird for bird, when Mr. Franks missed in the first round, and the other two, killing, agreed to divide the second and third prizes, amounting to £20. Five handicap sweepstakes were also got through during the day. Mr. J. Sharpe officiated as referee on both days. Score:—

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 5s each, fifteen pigeons each, from five traps, &c., five yards apart, the use of both barrels, 1½oz of shot, and the ground the boundary; the winner to take £20, the second-best shot £15, and the third to save his stake. Seventeen subs.

Mr. A. Hollidge, 27 yards (first prize, £60)..... 1111101111111
Mr. Stevenson, 27..... 010110111111100
Mr. Cole, 28..... 11100100111011
Mr. Franks, 29..... 01100111101101
Messrs. Young, 26, 110110101111000; Bolton, 28, 00111011011000; H. Cook, 24, 01111001101000; Knight, 27, 11011101000; Brighton (first chance), 25, 101000110110; Boswell, 28, 1101101000100; Thrasher, 28, 100000111110; Hopkins, 27, 10100011000; Brighton (second chance), 25, 1101010000; C. Cook, 26, 10110001000; J. Tucker, 27, 10010011000; Piercy, 27, 00111010000; Franks (second chance), 29, 1100010000.

Ties for the second and third prizes:—Mr. Stevenson, 1, Mr. Cole, 1, divided £20; Mr. Franks, 0.

S. Hammond supplied the birds.

Respecting the death of Mr. W. J. Page (a well-known pigeon-shot and bookmaker), we may state that it does not apply to Mr. W. J. Page, the late proprietor of the Grapes Hotel, Gerard-street, Soho, who, we are happy to announce, appeared as well as usual at the Welsh Harp on Monday.

THE HURLINGHAM CLUB.—Great preparations are being made at Hurlingham for the approaching season. The clubhouse has been thoroughly painted and cleaned, and the new steward, George Rowe, who succeeds Gautier, has entered upon his duties. In the polo-park a well-designed and substantial pavilion for the use of players is in course of erection. It is on the site where the polo-tent stood last season. The Royal tent, almost immediately opposite, will be placed on the left or far side of the large elm-tree, instead of on the right, a change which will give more room for the four-in-hands to turn round and take up their positions. A considerable portion of the ground has been raised about a yard at the back of the Royal tent and all down the park where the chairs and umbrella-tents are placed for the spectators. About 250 young poplars are planted around the shooting-inclosure, all around the park, about six yards apart, so that in the space of a short time the grounds will look more beautiful than ever. Sutherland, the head gardener, will, as usual, have the gardens tastefully laid out. During the week after Epsom races the club will give a handsome polo-cup to be played for, the contest being open to all regiments. The managers will be able to keep the polo-ground in good order throughout the season, as they have had water-pipes laid down across the centre of the arena; in fact, no expense has been spared to promote the success of the season. The stabling and forage for ponies will be again placed at the disposal of officers and others for the moderate charge of one guinea a week each, and those who apply first will of course meet with the first offers. The shooting-inclosure is also in excellent order, and on April 5 everything will be ready for the commencement of a season which bids fair to be the most successful on record.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are not decayed. Ask any Chemist for "The Mexican Hair Renewer," price 3s. 6d.—Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 433, Oxford-street, London.—[ADVT.]

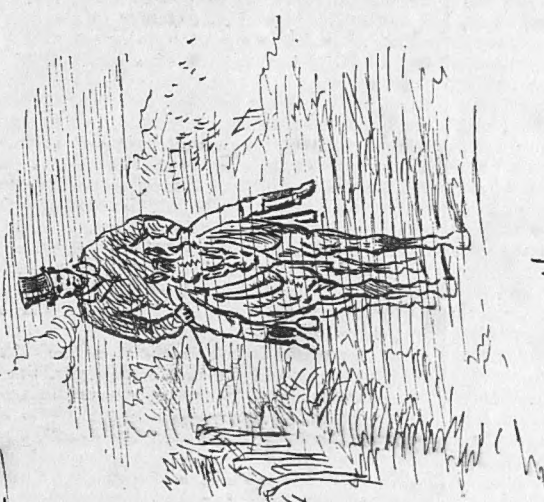




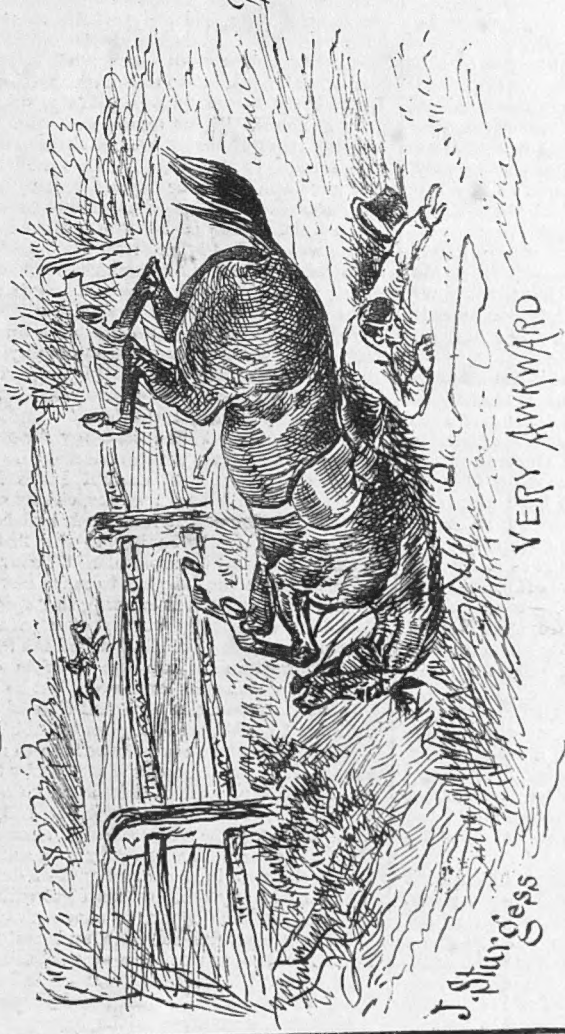
THROWN OUT.



AN EMPTY SADDLE



GOING HOME



VERY AWKWARD

J. Sturges

A DAY IN THE SHIRES.

A SPORTING TRIP TO INDIA.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

NO. VIII.

Camp Tulsana, Kathiawar.

Since dispatching my last letter to you I have been into Wudwan, which is a civil station, and the terminus of the Bombay, Baroda, and Central Indian Railway. As there are about thirty Europeans stationed there I need hardly mention that there is no shooting to be found for some miles all round, since the advent of a European is a mere synonym for the exit of the game. Wudwan is one of the most dreary, dry, and desolate-looking places that it is possible to imagine. It stands, or rather straggles, in the middle of a barren plain, which is but a very few feet above the level of the sea. A tepid wind was blowing all the time I was there; and I'll back a Wudwan zephyr against any other zephyr you like to produce for raising dust and strong language. I had no idea before how pertinaciously malicious a zephyr could be when it liked; and as for dubbing the element "gentle," you might just as truthfully apply the term to the imitation eyes with which my Abenadabad friend supplies the heads of the defunct buck. On the whole, I wouldn't advise anyone to visit Wudwan unless he is frightfully hard up for anything, and then he will find it a convenient place, as there is a "Europe store" there, though why the store shouldn't be called "European" I don't know. I bought a packet of envelopes at this establishment, which is kept by a Parsee; from the price charged, one would fancy that each envelope was manufactured out of a five-pound note. But when one ceases to "fancy," one becomes painfully aware that it is an insult to a friend to send a letter under such a cover.

I left this sultry sandy city yesterday, and rode here, a distance of twenty-four miles. I found my camp pitched by the side of a fine large tank, which was literally swarming with wild duck; while some fine swampy grass on one side of it suggested snipe, or "ish-naf," as the native rendering has it. The native can't pronounce the letter S if it precedes a liquid; he calls snake "ish-nake," Smith "ish-mit," and so on.

As I arrived here at sunset, I did not care to spoil my morrow's sport by frightening the duck away from the tank, there being plenty more patches of water in the district to which they could retire. This morning, however, I was "up and at 'em" half an hour before sunrise. I really cannot say how many shots I had, and I would not disclose, if I could, how many misses I made; but my bag was five couple and a half of duck and teal and three brace of snipe. By the time I had shot these all the rest were gone, and (since there are no deer hereabouts) I was lamenting that my day's sport was over. But when I returned to my tent I found, on questioning the villagers, that there was another tank a "kos" (two miles) away, in which I should probably find lots of game. I immediately started for it, the Devout Mohammedan carrying my gun, and two *whagrees* following to fetch the ducks out if they fell in the water. When I arrived at this second tank, I was perfectly astounded. It was about 150 yards long by eighty broad, and was fringed on three sides with reeds, rushes, and long rank grass. The surface of the clear water was almost black with wild goose, duck, teal, divers, and a host of other water-fowl whose names I don't know. Many of the ducks had come here from the other tank, and from the fact that a few of them flew up I knew they were wild and wary after my morning's onslaught. I therefore stalked round and got into a thick jungle of rushes, and there I squatted, while my D. M. and the two whagrees beat the game up to me. I had with me one of those cartridge belts which are worn round the body, and this was filled with thirty-two charges of No. 3 shot. I blazed the whole lot away, and my gun got so hot that I could hardly touch it. It was quick work, for in about ten minutes not a single duck remained; but during that time I had about one shot every twenty seconds. Thirteen duck and teal and three wild geese constituted my bag; and I say so with a blush, for I ought to have shot a lot more. Unfortunately, I brought no small shot with me; but I saw a great many snipe, and just as I was leaving (about eleven o'clock) at least a hundred rock-grouse came down for their midday drink.

I hope that anyone ever finding himself in this part of the country will not forget Talsana; and if he is fond of duck and snipe shooting he may blaze away 100 cartridges in this locality. I must add, however, that one gun can't do a twentieth part the execution that two or three could, because directly one shot is fired from a certain spot the fowl will not come very close to it again. The next time I go out I intend to give my revolver to the D. M. and send him over to the opposite side of the tank, where he will blaze away, and so drive the game in my direction. The D. M. is awfully elated at the idea of going out shooting, and imagines, in the childlike simplicity of his heart, that he will bag any amount of duck. I intend, however (having a regard for my own personal safety), to extract all the bullets from the cartridges; but I shan't tell him so. Where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise!

I should have mentioned long before this, but it has escaped my memory, that there are three animals in Guzerat and Kathiawar that are held sacred by the natives and never shot by Europeans. Firstly, monkeys, which swarm in the districts round about Ahmedabad, and everywhere in Guzerat where there are any trees. They are big, comical-looking fellows, with grey beards and long, majestic tails. I have often sat and watched them at their gambols, and derived as much amusement as ever I did in the monkey-house at the Zoo, and I hadn't a shilling to pay. The look of profound sagacity and wisdom that the elders assume when they are performing the most trivial task in life—to wit, flea-hunting!—makes them appear to my eyes as though they were learned M. D.'s examining the anatomy of the human frame with a view to inventing a new theory or finding an original relief for some disease.

Then the young ones—monkey schoolboys to the letter—have such romps with one another, such fleet races, such tremendous climbs, such prodigious leaps; and, if occasionally they inadvertently come too near you and discover your whereabouts, there is a scuttle and a sound of yelps and shrieks, for all the world as though they composed the harem of the Great Mogul and you were an unbeliever who had secretly made your way into their garden.

Then, again, there are peacocks, and their name is legion. I cannot call them wild, and, at the same time, they are not tame birds, saving the fact that they will allow you to approach within fifteen yards of them. Every village owns a score or so, and they roost on the tops of the houses and temple, and in the trees within the "gaum." Upon the village walls you may see a row every morning warming themselves in the sun. Except for their feathers, there is really no object in shooting them. They are not fit for the table, since they are most vile and filthy feeders; and therefore, as the natives hold them sacred and Government desire that native prejudices should be respected, Europeans never shoot the bird.

Thirdly, there is the "sarus," a large bird, some 4ft high, of a handsome plum-colour, with bright ruby-coloured feathers on its head. These, again, Europeans never shoot, though I do not think the rule against killing them is so imperative as

it is against the slaughter of monkeys and peacocks. The sarus always go in pairs, and if one is killed the other will hover round and wail, not to say shriek, over its companion's body in a most pathetic manner. They may often be seen feeding in the fields, sometimes as many as six or eight pairs together; but they are a shy bird, and when you get within a hundred yards of them, after a series of long sprawling strides, they launch their bodies into the air and float away to the accompaniment of harsh cries.

NO. IX.

CAMP CHURRA.

"It never rains but it pours," and, though I can't say who was the author of that sagacious

Jewel five words long
That on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkles for ever,

to quote the Poet Laureate's circumlocutory definition of a "proverb." I can unhesitatingly add my humble testimony to the truth it contains. The only fault I have to find with it is that, after a not very severe mathematical effort, I find it contains six words; but let that pass, or do as the Irishman did with the heavy bundles, put down five and carry one.

For the last month I have shot over a good stretch of country and seen some thousands of deer, without noticing a single one that was in any way different to its companions in appearance, saving, of course, the natural distinction of the sexes and of age and youth. And now, all within the last four days, I have had the luck to come across two pure white does and a buck with a curiously malformed horn.

I have in previous letters inveighed in strong terms against shooting does; but, in the warmth of the subject, it never occurred to me that to this rule, like to all others, there is an exception. A white doe is, like that *rara avis in terris*, a white blackbird, a very uncommon curiosity; and, though no one would shoot the mellow-voiced minstrel that sings such exquisite lays from the seclusion of country hedges and thickets, yet, were that singer white and anyone had a fancy to preserve him instead of his life, or even, perchance, if anyone desired to loftily distinguish himself by writing to the *Field*, I don't doubt but that the albino would taste sudden death. In the same way, it is perfectly legitimate to shoot a white doe if she has no maternal duties to attend to. Should she, however, be carrying or followed by a fawn the sportsman must decide for himself whether to spare her or not. A gentleman told me some time ago that he had let two white does pass—the only ones he had seen in the course of an eight years' residence in these parts—because he saw their young ones at their heels. That is the sort of thing one admires; for, believe me, to see the beautiful white skin dazzling in the sun is a spectacle so seducing and a temptation so great that I doubt if anyone could be delivered from it without praying.

However, to our mutton—or rather venison. This, fortunately, is not the breeding season, so my course was a smooth one—course of action I allude to, not the ground: the latter being fearfully rough and broken. It was while I was at Ranpur that news was brought to me of a white doe in a herd some six miles away. I immediately started for the place, and when I was two miles off I caught sight of the object of my expedition. At the same time, I could see none of the doe's companions; for the sun shining on her milk-white skin made her a conspicuous object. The ground did not admit of my getting very near to her, but I was fortunate enough to bring her down after a careful aim. The bullet struck her very high, above the shoulder; and, the resistance not being great enough, it forced itself out on the other side, making a tremendous gap in the skin. However, the head was intact, and is at present undergoing renovation under the hands of the ingenious but unpoetical heathen who can substitute the bottom of a beer-bottle for "the gazelle's gentle eye." The next day I was out shooting again, and came across a fine herd of bucks without a doe amongst them, almost on the identical spot. I shot one with my right barrel, and, as they were going away, had the good fortune to bring down a second with my left. On running up to cut its throat, I thought at first it had only got one horn; but a closer inspection found the second was not missing, but curiously malformed. Instead of shooting straight up, like its fellow, it had grown round in a circle, and the point was gradually coming up through the middle—something similar in appearance to the shell of that succulent testaceous mollusk and popular favourite, the periwinkle. I found on close examination that this curious malformation was not a freak of nature, but the result of an old bullet-wound. There was an indentation on the horn itself, and in the right ear a hole. The buck must have been struck when it was very young; and I cannot make out how it was not then stunned and captured by the person who shot it. It is popularly believed that you can tell the age of a buck by the rings on its horns, four of them standing for each year of its life. I don't know if this is true; but, if it is, a good dark black buck must have attained the age of twelve years before his skin and horns are what one may call "perfect."

From Ranpur I had sent my devout Mohammedan into Wudwan, a tolerably large civil station and the terminus of the Bombay, Baroda, and Central India Railway. As he was coming back laden with stores, chiefly of a liquid nature, he saw a white doe on the road, near a place called Wussudturre, which is a village belonging to the Thakoor of Wudwan, one of the minor Kathiawar chiefs. Of course, he told me about it when he came back, trying to make out at the same time that he had displayed great cunning in "spotting" the animal, and had done something worthy of a present. Not that he deliberately and in cold blood asked me for a rupee, for such was the honorarium (to use the delicate expression peculiar to magazine editors) he expected; but he left me with the unexpressed idea strong in my mind that if I didn't give him two shillings I should be acting very shabbily.

This circumstance determined me to once more turn my face towards Kathiawar; and so I started for the place Churra, which is the capital of a small chieftdom of that name. Yesterday I went out in search of the white doe, and, after about two hours' tramping over the plain, I came across her, in company with three of her sex. The country was as flat as a billiard-table, and as she was in the open plain I determined to stalk her with a cart. By these means I got within a hundred yards of her, and she then began to move away. I followed her like this for at least five minutes, and couldn't get a fair shot at her. All the time she was gradually getting further and further distant, and so, fearful of losing her altogether, I let drive at her ampler parts, and shot her so exactly that in skinning her afterwards the hole made by the bullet was invisible.

I must not forget to mention a curious decapitation that a bullet from my Reilly express made. I shot a buck in the head, and you may rely upon the truth of my assertion when I say that the animal's face was so changed that his own mother wouldn't have recognised him—not, not even if she had had Tichborne blood in her veins. Headless horseman, indeed! He couldn't be mentioned in the same afternoon! He had his

head snugly under his arm; but the buck's head was so scattered that it manured an acre of wretched ground, which will in consequence, I feel sure, yield a splendid crop next year!

I forgot to mention in my last letter, when writing about Palitana, that the Thakoor of that territory has a magnificent stable of some 300 horse, and is an extensive horse-breeder. Through the courtesy of Mr. Ally Mohamed Bhimjee, the Thakoor's secretary, I had the pleasure of going through the stables and the breeding establishment. I was greatly surprised at the amount of valuable horseflesh they contained. One Arab stallion, valued at 4000 rupees, and named Anstey, after a celebrated Bombay lawyer, was a perfect animal; and there were two other Arab sires and two Arab mares very little inferior. The country horses ("Kattys," as they are familiarly termed) were very fine, and also the colts and fillies bred from Kathiwar mares by Arab stallions. There were also some large Australian horses in the establishment; and it must be remembered that the Indian horse-market is very largely supplied by Melbourne. The diminution of horses in Arabia has led the authorities there to pass a law that none are to be exported to India or elsewhere for seven years, and hence large and strong animals are very expensive out here, and especially in Bombay, at which port all the Arab horses used to be landed.

Were it not for Australia, the Indian Government would experience the greatest difficulty in getting remounts for their cavalry. When, therefore, anyone like the Thakoor Sahib of Palitana goes in extensively for the breeding of a strong and weight-carrying class of horses, Government should encourage the undertaking, which they might easily and practically do by presenting the owners of the establishment with one or two good English sires, which would be a very graceful act, and at the same time one by which they would indirectly benefit themselves. Anyone visiting Palitana should not fail to see the stud; and I feel sure that Mr. Ally Mohamed, who is a most enlightened and courteous native, and who has, moreover, spent three years in England, would do all in his power to make the visit pleasant and enjoyable.

The village at which I am encamped—Churra—is a capital place for shooting. Black buck abound all round, and there are also a few chinkara and neilgai. About three miles off is a patch of thick jungle, a most unusual thing in these parts; and, with the assistance of some ten or fifteen beaters, a good day's small-game shooting, such as partridge, quail, and hare, might be obtained. There are cullum, too, all round; and though, as I have said before, they are very difficult to approach, yet I have found that all the difficulty vanishes if you stalk them with a cart. At the same time use B B shot (not No. 1, as I erroneously stated in my last), or you won't kill them, however close you may get. I blazed away two charges of No. 3 at a flock of them the other day, when I was only forty yards distant, and never a one did I kill, though I know not a few of them went away heavily handicapped.

I am conscious that in mentioning the names of all these places where good sport is to be obtained, I might just as well, for all practical purposes, give the names of undiscovered villages in central Africa. But I have gone into details concerning the various localities because I hope before long to furnish a small map of the province, in which I shall mark the track for a sporting trip that can be easily accomplished, and which will at the same time without fail produce a good bag—given, of course, that the sportsman holds his gun straight. With neilgai, black buck, chinkara, hare, cullum, partridge, quail, duck, teal, snipe, and rock-grouse, what more can be desired? All these are in the reach of anyone who cares to undertake a pleasant sea voyage, and there is no place in the whole of India that is more easy of access than Guzerat and Kathiawar.

P.S.—I must just add a good story that I have remembered since finishing my letter. You must know that the partridges in these parts, unlike their brethren in England, very often fly into trees and places which give them an elevation, from whence in the early morning they may be heard calling to their mates. Not long ago a young fellow—a new arrival from England, perceived one of these birds on the top of a grain or hay-stack. "What's that bird?" he asked his companion. "A partridge." "Then, by Jove! I'll shoot it!" So out he went and cannily stalked the partridge sitting on the hay-stack! Bang went the gun, and in about three minutes he returned. "Well, where is the partridge?" "Oh," replied the young fellow, "I missed the brute, hang it! but," he added, with not a little pride, "I hit the haystack!"

PATHETICS OF THE PIT.

THE GAIETY.

I FIND that, without having any design in doing so, I have hitherto followed a *crescendo* movement in visiting Pits. At the *Shaughraun* and *Whittington* the Pittists were rather vulgar; at *Othello* decent, and at the Gaiety respectable. Sensational drama and pantomime appeal to emotions readily accessible in human nature as developed among the mass at this time and place; tragedy, when linked with a great name, superbly mounted and played by an actor who had won a high place, appeals to the solid, stratified members of the lower forms of the vast middle class; but operetta, comedy leaning towards farce, and farce dealing with a present craze, draws together remote followers of the will-o'-the-wisp which has risen over the body of legitimate comedy and leads to the dreary desolation of the insane. Life in our days has become so serious a race that men must have laughter or they perish. They can't endure tragedy by day and tragedy by night. Therefore, the severe strain which must be borne in absolute life must be counterbalanced by a violent opposite in the imaginary. During the reign of the sun philosophers and business men are overworked; during the sway of the moon they seek to rub out the creases from their brows and set crossfeet at their eye- corners and puckers in their cheeks. The new code seems to be, "We fight giants by day, fetch our jesters after meat that we may laugh back health enough for sleep. Rest or peace, we will have none save when we sleep." It is no part of my plan for these papers to employ my faculties as a moralist. I am here simply a *Pittore*, and of the Pre-Raffaelite, not the idealistic school. I describe what I see and tell what I think without comment. I do not aerate my ink with my own individuality. I have already spoken of writing one book—there are thousands more behind—and perhaps one of them may be a folio of moralisation on this subject; when I thrust my folio into the machinery of the world you may expect to see the wheels stop, and an expression of staggered thought on the face of the world's dial. Till then I beg of the reader to recollect that I cannot logically be charged with any responsibility in the major matters of my race.

On Friday night I was at the Gaiety. A good beginning in anything is a great deal, and to enter a theatre without having one's feelings and garments ruffled by the importunity of programme-sellers and the excavation of small coin from under an overcoat impart a gracious glow to the London theatre-goer. At the Gaiety a man hands you a programme

and informs you there is no charge. Tableau vivant, gratitude rampant.

The Pit was moderately full. It was not so largely peopled by women as the Lyceum; but the quality was superior. The women were younger and prettier than any I have yet met in Pits. They were cosily and pleasantly clad in garments of agreeable appearance. There appeared no carelessness, or squalor, or vulgar display. The effect was, as it were, a mezzotint, a vivid grey between the positive colours of underbred maidenhood and the sombre dinginess of underbred middle age. The female type was that of the young matron. The performance contained nothing solid enough for fathers to bring their young daughters to see, and was of too new a character to interest or be intelligible to young grandmothers. Men who had acquired a knowledge of opéra-bouffe, and married five years ago, had taken their wives. Of course, there were other women, and straight in front of me sat an old man with his two daughters, but the leading woman part was that of young mother.

The men were of a good class, not exactly what could be called intellectual, but intelligent. Their faces and coats were well cut, their manners quiet and respectable. They sat steadily in their seats and laughed sedately the laughter of men who knew life. They were not surprised at anything, but knew the performers for actors who walked about in tweed suits by daylight, and did not improvise their parts, but committed them to memory out of a book or from slips of manuscript. Speaking generally, middle age was unrepresented among the men. Those present were either young or on the decline of life.

The Pit had more the appearance of "blood" than any other I have yet spoken of. You could easily imagine the men or women in private boxes or in the Row. The old man with his two daughters in front were beyond all doubt tradespeople; but on the same row sat a young man and his young wife who defied me. I could make nothing of them. They were well dressed, had nothing particularly wrong with their hands or ears, laughed moderately, and behaved very well. I have among my acquaintances no baronet or baronet's daughter, or, for the matter of that, no knight, and I'm doubtful as to an esquire within heraldic qualification, yet I have seen baronet's daughters comport themselves in some such fashion as this young woman did. Observe (for you, reader, are often a wonderfully careless measurer of words) I don't say she was a baronet's daughter. She might have sold beads in the Lowther Arcade, or the Crystal Palace, or the Aquarium at Westminster, for all I could tell to the contrary. But her manners were, so far, perfect. That is to say, she had no manners at all. I am aware that in the vulgar mouth to say a person has no manners at all is to imply the presence of exceedingly bad manners. But then this sheet of paper is not the vulgar mouth, and, as the perfection of accent is the absence of all peculiarity usually called accent, the perfection of manner is the absence of all peculiarity usually called manners.

On my right hand sat an elderly man, I judged him to be sixty years of age, or thereabouts. He wore a light overcoat, in the button-hole of which was stuck a penny bunch of violets. The coat had known better seasons. It hung in long sharp folds from the shoulders, and gaped a little in the middle seam of the back. There was a touching testimony to its age in the greasiness of the collar, for now the hair reached not within an inch of the cloth, and had evidently been cut short because it no longer displayed its pristine hue. Beneath the overcoat, which hung open, a black coat was buttoned closely. A claret-coloured scarf partly concealed a check shirt, and at the wrists gleamed large white cuffs. A large yellow metal horseshoe shone in the scarf, large white metal studs at the wrists, and three large rings on the little finger of the left hand. In the face burned a record of "good living," and the thin straight hair of the right side of the head was drawn carefully over the crown for appearance sake. I am sufficiently skilled in mankind to know an old beau when I see him; I am sufficiently familiar with theatres to recognise "paper;" and here was an old paper beau. Whence did that paper come? Not for window bills or anything of that kind; I'd venture my existence the old exquisite had never done a day's work, owned no little business. Some billiard-room acquaintance or obscure official of the theatre, or, perhaps, one of the chief people about the place, had given him the order, and he, not feeling himself willing to face the fierce light that beats about the stalls or dress circle, translated his stall or dress order into a Pit one. I don't know how often he had been in the theatre before, but he had been there during the reign of the present bill, for he now and then hummed an anticipatory bar, and arranged himself at ease for a coming joke. Between the acts and pieces he stood up and stared around as though he could have all the rest of the audience expelled if he but raised his finger with that view. He neither laughed nor applauded, but anticipated haughtily, as if the people who enjoyed the performance were creatures outside all consideration because of their ignorance. I know he didn't enjoy himself. He was too self-conscious, too arrogantly self-assertive, for happiness. He had come as a patron, not as a devotee. The business on the stage was for the diversion of the herd, and he was present not as one of those, but because of magnanimous familiarity with some person who degraded his humanity by concern with the theatre. He had outlived frivolity, and stood in as much scorn of the gilded youth in the stalls and boxes as of the paltry people among whom he sat. He condescended to utter no word to man or woman nigh, but muttered protests in soliloquy. His natural anger rose to tragedy when a man passing out stood on his seat, and, with the words, "It's a—shame to dirt people's seats in that way!" left the theatre. I don't know where he lives; but I seem to see a dingy street and a poor lodging, and a scanty supper and a great vacant life and a weary, useless old age, when I think of that old paper beau of the Pit.

There were three pieces on the bill—*The Song of Fortunio*, *Tottles*, and *A Spelling Bee*. During the first (an operetta) the audience were more or less inert, not alive. They seemed to regard it as an overture. The men showed little interest, as it was a comic French piece, without the strong hint of impropriety of other days. The women looked and listened without admiration or surprise: opéra-bouffe always confuses them. Pit women prefer tears to laughter, and opéra-bouffe always seems to them a riddle you have no chance of solving until it is past. They take it for serious when it is not grotesque, and as soon as it becomes grotesque they resent it as an outrage on their feelings.

Tottles and *A Spelling Bee* amused the Pit consumedly; but, alas! afforded for my purpose nothing but a roudade of laughter, which, although pleasant to hear, is monotonous as an exhibition of emotion.

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and Inflammation.—Have it in your houses, and use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism.—Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[Adv't.]

POETS AND PLAYERS IN THE DAYS OF SHAKSPEARE.

ANOTHER STROLL ON THE BANKSIDE.

PART IV.

(Concluded from page 615.)

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, who has been called "the morning star of the drama," was one of the older poets who, under the influence of Greene, resented the encouragement given by the players and public to "the upstart crow," young Shakspeare, on his first arrival amongst them. He was the son of a cordwainer, or shoemaker, of Canterbury, where he was born; and Shakspeare ridiculed a speech in his tragedy of *Tamburlaine the Great*, when he made ancient Pistol cry, "Holla! ye pamper'd jades of Assa," &c. He was both actor and poet, led a wild life of dissipation and debauchery, and was incapacitated for the stage by breaking his leg, as a contemporary ballad has it, "in one lewd scene." He first made the stage what it was when Shakspeare joined it, and so the great paved the way for the greater. The ballad we have quoted says:—

His lust was lawless as his life,
And brought about his death;
For in a deadly mortal strife,
Striving to stop the breath
Of one who was his rival foe,
With his own dagger slain:
He groan'd, and word spoke never more,
Pierc'd thro' the eye and brain.

Tradition, moreover, asserts that the scene of the fatal struggle was a brothel; the female concerned, a courtesan; and his rival, a common serving-man. The entry in the burial registry of St. Nicholas's, Deptford, is "June 1, 1593. Christopher Marlowe, slain by Francis Archer." Greene, on his death-bed, insinuated that his old friend Marlowe was an atheist—for being which in those days a man might suffer a cruel death, as one did not long before Greene died. Marlow indignantly denied the accusation, and there is no trace of it in what Jonson called his "mighty lines."

RICHARD TARLETON, the father of all our clowns, the clown of Shakspeare's plays, is an actor of no mean importance in connection with our stroll on the Banks. He was born at "Candover, in the county of Salop," says F. G. Waldron, in an old work on the English stage, published in 1802; "and was brought to London and introduced at Court by a servant of Robert, Earl of Leicester, who found him in a field keeping his father's swine; and that nobleman, being highly pleased with the pertinent replies made to the questions asked him, took him under his patronage. In 'Thalia's Banquet,' by Peacham (8vo, 1620), we read:—

Tarleton, when his head was onely scene
The Tire-house doore and Tapestry betweene,
Set all the multitude in such a laughter,
They could not hold for scarce an houre after.

And Sir Richard Baker, in his "Chronicle," speaking of the plays in which Alleyn and Burbage appeared, says, emphatically:—"To make their comedies complete, Richard Tarleton, for the part called the clown's part, never had his match—never will have." Our sketch of his head is from a whole-length engraving of him with "his taber," very rudely executed, and preserved in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge (page 384). He had a very flat nose—a defect which he affirmed, though the ill-natured attributed it to a less creditable cause, was due to his interposing between some bears and dogs on the Banks, probably at Paris Garden (shown in one of our former Bankside sketches). So popular did he become that his picture used to appear all over London, and beyond it on the tradesmen's signs; and his loose trunks, and general make-up for the stage, may be seen to this day, only partially altered and modernised in the dresses of our Christmas clowns. The clown sometimes introduced the characters by name to the audience, before a piece commenced, but the chief business of the clown of that day was to appear on the stage at the end of each performance singing or reciting a rhyming medley of nonsense and extravagance called a "jig," in which current events and living personages of eminence were glanced at, and his last exit amidst uproarious applause and laughter was the signal for the whole of the company to reappear, and, kneeling on the front of the stage, offer up a prayer for the Queen, to which the audience pronounced a grave "Amen."

Queen Elizabeth was so delighted with Tarleton's acting that she made him one of her servants, and appointed him groom of the chamber. Fuller, speaking of this famous clown, says, "when Queen Elizabeth was serious (I dare not say sullen) he could undumpish her at pleasure. Her highest favourites would in some cases go to Tarleton before they would go to the Queen; and he was their usher, to prepare their advantageous access to her. In a word, he told the Queen more of her faults than most of her chaplains, and cured her melancholy better than all her physicians." He was the author of what Gabriel Harvey says was "a famous play," called "The Seven Deadly Sins." Tarleton was one of Shakspeare's personal friends, and several of his—Shakspeare's—songs were specially written for Tarleton, who sang and danced to them, supplying the music with his pipe and tabor, or drum, which in the engraving already mentioned he is represented playing. It is said that Tarleton's habit of "gagging" was reproved by Shakspeare in Hamlet's advice to the players. At one time Tarleton kept one of those ordinaries which Deekker has so humorously described in his "Gull's Horn-Book." It was called the Castle, and stood in Pater-noster-row, not far from the site of Dolly's chop-house.

RICHARD BURBAGE, the original Richard III., the "Roscious Richard" referred to in the poetical record of a wager upon Alleyn against Kempe above quoted, who, by-the-by, was specially famous in his clown's parts, must not fail to be met in our Bankside stroll. He played with the instruction of Shakspeare to aid him, and, if we may judge by what his contemporaries said of him, the world has never yet seen his equal. His father, James Burbage, another of Shakspeare's personal friends and brother-players, was granted a license to enact plays by Queen Elizabeth in 1574 in any part of England, "as well for the recreation of her loving subjects as for her own solace and pleasure when she should think good to see them." In his company Dick Tarleton first appeared, and from it, in 1574, were first selected and duly sworn "her Majesty's servants," a title which exists in connection with Drury Lane Theatre to this day. So famous was his son Richard that we are told "no country gentleman thought himself qualified for conversation without having an acquaintance with Dick Burbage." He was an artist, painted portraits in oil (says Payne Collier), and appears to have excelled. We have a suspicion, based upon certain statements, that he also did something in the way of scenery; but of that more on some other occasion. He doubtless painted his friend Shakspeare. Of the year 1619 it was said by Middleton—

Astronomers and star-gazers this year
Write but of four eclipses—five appear.
Death interposing Burbage, and their staying
Hath made a visible eclipse of playing.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.—Francis Beaumont with his friend John Fletcher made their appearance as dramatists at a time when the genius of Shakspeare was in the full blaze of its meridian splendour. Dryden thought they depicted the gentlemen of that day better than Shakspeare did, and, speaking of the drama of a later period, when it was fast drifting away from poets and poetry towards what it now is, he said their plays were the most popular of the elder dramatists, two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakspeare's or Jonson's. Winstanley tells how Beaumont and Fletcher, meeting once at a tavern to discuss the plan of a new play, and speaking low and mysteriously, with much earnestness, of killing the King, the waiter overheard them and ran off in a state of horror and consternation to the nearest magistrate. The consequence was that the dramatists were seized, carried off to prison, and charged with high treason, when an explanation ensued, and the Bankside, with all London, were soon merry with the joke. Aubrey informs us that "there was a wonderful similarity of fancy between Mr. Francis Beaumont and Mr. John Fletcher, which caused that dearth of friendship between them;" and adds, "I have heard Dr. John Earle, since Bishop of Sarum—who knew them—say that his (Beaumont's) main business was to correct the super-overflowings of Mr. Fletcher's wit. They lived together on the Bankside, not far from the playhouse; both bachelors, had one bench of the house between them, which they did so much admire; the same cloaths, cloaks, &c., between them." To Beaumont we owe a glimpse of those celebrated "wit combats" to which we have alluded in the opening of this article. In a poetical epistle to Ben Jonson, he wrote:—

What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that everyone from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool to the rest
Of his dull life.

Beaumont died on March 15, 1615, when but thirty years old. That fine play of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, in times nearer Shakspeare's, used always to be attributed to Fletcher and Shakspeare; but, for some reason not very clear to the present writer, modern critics have declined to admit the partnership. It is certain that Fletcher did not write it alone; certainly Beaumont did not assist him, and the statement was not contradicted when first published, although many of Shakspeare's intimate friends were then alive.

JOHN LOWIN was another of the famous actors of Shakspeare's day to be met with on the Bankside, of whom we also give a sketch. In that old dialogue called "An Historical Account of the English Stage," "Lovewit," speaking of the time of Colley Cibber, shortly after the Restoration, says, "I can and dare assure you, if my fancy and memory are not partial (for men of my age are apt to be over indulgent to the thoughts of their youthful days)—I say the actors that I have seen before the wars—Lowin, Taylor, Pollard, and some others—were almost as far beyond Hart and his company as those were beyond these now in being;" and he adds, "Shakspeare—who, as I have heard, was a much better poet than player—Burbage, Hemmings, and others of the older sort, were dead before I knew the town. But in my time, before the wars, Lowin used to act, with mighty applause, Falstaff, Morose, Volpone, and Mammon in the *Alchymist*; and Melantius in the *Maid's Tragedy*." Truewit also says of these old actors, "Most of 'em, except Lowin, Taylor, and Pollard (who were superannuated), went into the King's Army," at the time of the Revolution. Lowin was one of those who, after the execution of Charles I., ventured to open the Cockpit. He was playing Aubrey, in *The Bloody Brother*, when a party of foot soldiers beset the place "and carried 'em away in their habits, not admitting them to shift, to Hatton House, then a prison, where, having detained them some time, they plundered them of their clothes and let them loose." He afterwards edited and printed some of the old plays, and thus contrived to earn a living. Trueman says, "Lowin in his latter days kept an inn—the Three Pigeons, at Brentford—where he died very old; for he was an actor of eminent note in the reign of King James, and his poverty was as great as his age."

ROBERT HERRICK has a place amongst our sketches of Bankside celebrities, although he was neither player nor playwright, for he was a famous poet and the companion of the players, visited their haunts, and joined in their merry-makings, as we learn from the following strain in which he addressed his friend Jonson:—

Ah, Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun;
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad?
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

One of the songs he wrote and they may have sung—"Cherry Ripe"—is still famous amongst us.

SAMUEL DANIEL was another of the dramatic poets who visited the Falcon or the Mermaid in those early days of the drama. He succeeded Spenser as Court Laureate, and in 1603 was appointed Master of the Revels. He wrote two tragedies, *Cleopatra* and *Philotas*, and two pastoral tragi-comedies, *Hymen's Triumph* and *The Queen's Arcadia*.

Another "son of Apollo and darling of the Delian deity" was JOHN TAYLOR, familiarly known in his day as "the Water-Poet," because he was one of the numerous thriving watermen of a day when their trade was in its prime and enjoyed a degree of prosperity never since equalled. In the reign of James I. and Charles I. he was the author of no less than four score books. It was Taylor who chronicled in rhyme the extraordinary popularity of the Bankside theatres, who preserved sundry anecdotes of the old players, and described the burning of the Globe, in which Shakspeare's first plays were performed.

A. H. WALL.

SALE OF SPORTING DOGS.—On Saturday last there was a large attendance of sportsmen and professional and amateur dog-breeders at Aldridge's Repository, on the occasion of the sale of Mr. F. R. Hemming's dogs from his kennel at Plymouth Copse, North Wales. The setters were of the well-known Laverack blood, and several of them had won prizes at dog shows and at field trials. A brace of young setters, Cape and Cave, fetched 40gs. Rum, by Old Blue Dash, a prize winner, sold for 55gs.; Minch and Magnet, by Champion Rock out of Lillywhite, fetched 53gs; and Rock, a prize winner, was sold at 90gs. The 8½ brace of setters realised a total of 371½gs; 12½ couples of otter hounds, several bred by the Hon. G. R. C. Hill, sold for the low sum of 43gs, and 5 brace of pointers and retrievers made but low prices.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as Keating's Cough Lozenges, which are sold by all Chemists, in Boxes, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d.—N.B. They contain no opium or preparation thereof.—[Adv't.]



A CHASE FOR A SPEAR: FROM LORD MAYO'S "SPORT IN ABYSSINIA."

LORD MAYO'S "SPORT IN ABYSSINIA."

THE late decisive engagement in Abyssinia between Prince Hassan, the Egyptian Commander, and King John, the successor of King Theodore, gives an additional interest to Lord Mayo's practical volume on "Sport in Abyssinia." No apology is therefore necessary on our part for supplementing our recent review of this seasonable work with a couple of spirited Illustrations from the book, courteously lent to us for publication by Mr. John Murray.

Lord Mayo opens his sporting chronicle with a quotation from Goethe:—

In youth's wild days, it cannot but be pleasant,
This idle roaming, round and round the world.

Anything but idle, however, was his mode of roaming through Abyssinia in search of sport. Nor was there any lack of fun and incident. Writes his Lordship in the passage descriptive of the Engraving of "A Race for a Spear":—"I saw a ballaga (farmer) coming towards me, the mule he was riding kicking and plunging about as viciously as ever I saw any animal do.

I said to myself, 'I must make the acquaintance of this gentleman;' so I rode up to him and said, 'How d'ye do?' and asked him to let me look at his spear. While I was looking at it I edged away, then, giving my mule a good kick, galloped off as hard as I could, spear and all. He was quite taken aback at first, but soon began chasing me. We had a nice little spurt, but, as bad luck would have it, one of these watercourses was in front of me, and the way across it lay to my left, which would bring us almost together. He saw his chance, and whipped up his mule, who had the legs of mine, and caught me; I then pulled up, and he asked for his spear. I delayed a minute or two, and then began laughing. He seemed to understand the joke, and I gave him back his spear. . . . Abyssinians are very cheery fellows, always ready for a joke, provided it does not touch their pockets."

We are not sure Abyssinians differ in this last respect materially from Englishmen, who might, by-the-way, be provoked to resent in no gentle manner the looting practices which Lord Mayo appears to have indulged in with keen zest

when in want of food during his sporting trip in Abyssinia. These peccadilloes are so frankly confessed, however, that it is hard to be severe upon them. Let us rather turn to the second Engraving, which illustrates a story told by Brou, the interpreter, over the camp fire:—

"There was a man who lived in a village close to the frontier, and who had to pay tribute to the chief of his province in ivory. He had gone down to the desert, or jungle, to hunt the elephant alone—a wily Baria following him most of the time. It should be stated that this tribe of natives have no firearms, and only hunt and destroy with spears and knives. The elephant-hunter was stalking an elephant, and had come up to him. At the moment he fired the Baria, who had been sneaking after him, jumped up from behind, drove his knife into him, and killed him. This is a good example of their treachery; but the Abyssinians are just as much to blame in regard to the Baria or Shangallas, for whenever the Abyssinians catch them in much smaller numbers than themselves they generally kill them."



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